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m. F. Buckley Jr. on
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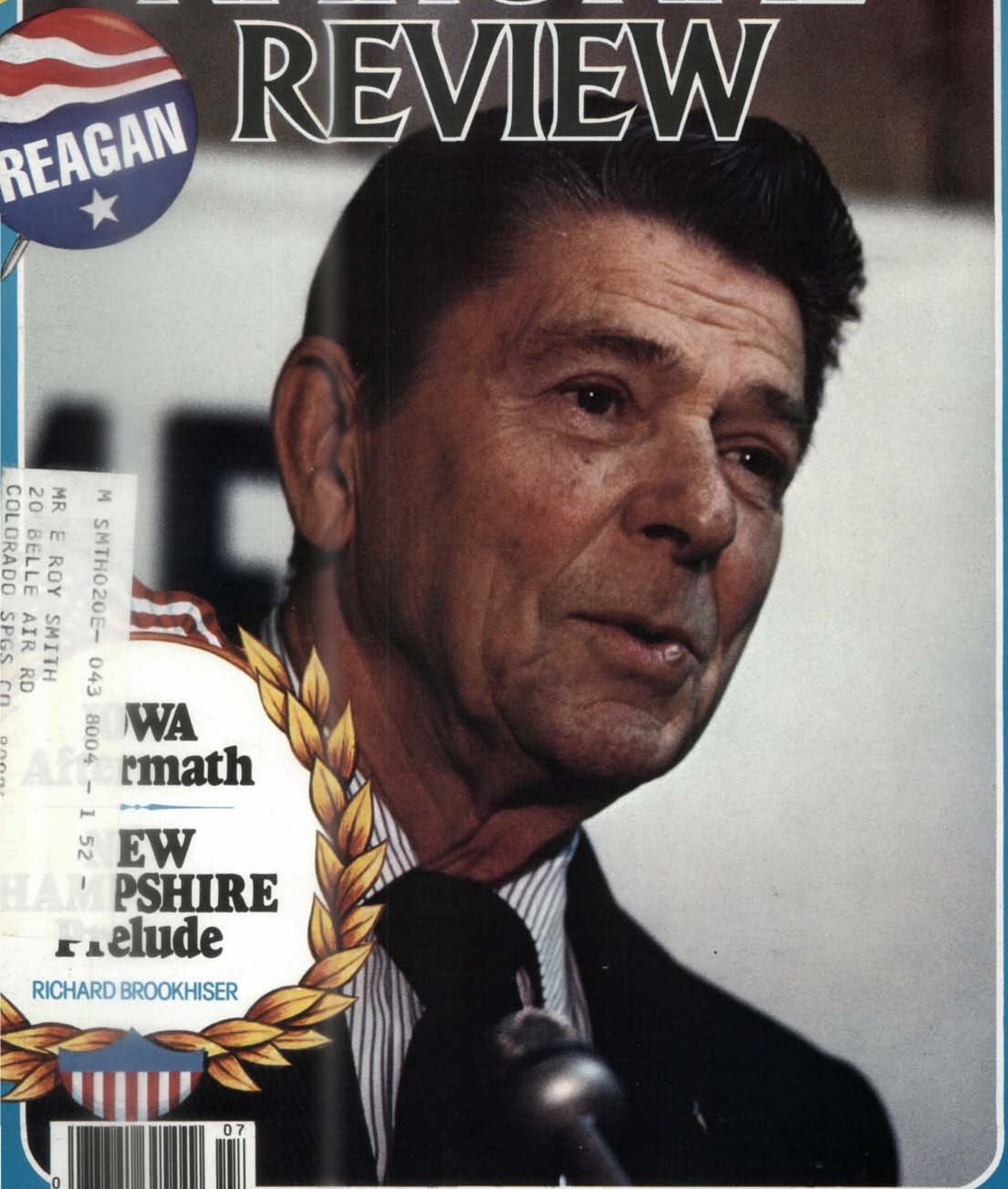

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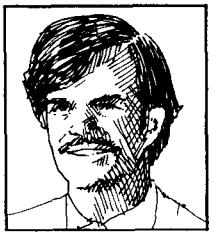

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Letters

Indigestion

Edmund Stillman's half of the exchange "Is Soviet Technology a Paper Tiger?" [Feb. 8] provided an analysis of the Russian character which was scholarly rather than impressionistic, and therefore meaty and satisfying. George M. Young Jr.'s piece, by contrast, left me dyspeptic.

Mr. Young's analysis, it seems to me, is flawed by his implicit acceptance of the notion that a Communist society can, if it tries hard enough, out-produce a capitalist one. *Says them.* Our traditional response (which Mr. Young has not persuaded me is inadequate) has been to say, "Go ahead and try, but so long as you cling to your absurd economic fantasies, you'll never succeed." Mr. Young's warnings about *our* eroding commitment to "initiative, inventiveness, and confidence" are well taken, but surely he does not mean to suggest that the Soviets can outstrip us unless they embrace those very principles.

One further note. Young includes the startling assertion that "Anyone who will dare to debate the relative merits of socialism and capitalism will have only intangibles to fall back on. . . . Even now, whenever we try to trade theories with them we get eaten alive." It's not clear what "we" he's referring to—but surely he cannot be thinking of regular readers of NATIONAL REVIEW.

Douglas McMahon
Ithaca, N.Y.

Artful Move

Just as the *Santa Ana Register* is hitting the big time as a force in southern California journalism and is getting its cartoons reprinted in prestigious national periodicals, NATIONAL REVIEW goes and pulls a boner that would have been typical of the *Register* in its pre-important stage.

NR picked up the wonderful "Ayateddi Khennedi" cartoon by our artist Phil Nicolaides and ran it [Jan. 4] attributed to someone named Blaine who apparently does that sort of thing for something called *The Spectator*, distributed by some outfit called Rothco.

If somebody in our back shop in the bad old days had done that, why, he might have been promoted.

K. E. Grubbs Jr.
Santa Ana, Calif.

Aural Illusions

I enjoyed "A Heath Christmas Carol" in the Jan. 4 issue very much because it brought back memories of about 65 years ago. I learned at a very early age (five or six) that the word "Hell" was very naughty and if I were to say this word I would be soundly spanked. I attended church and Sunday school regularly, and imagine my surprise when the choir sang what sounded to me like "the first no hell" at Christmas.

Forest C. Kientz
Fairmount, Ind.

Anent Aloïse Buckley Heath's delightful piece "A Heath Christmas Carol": In these days of hair stylists and the "dry look," I miss my old favorite "Hark, the Hair-oiled Angels Sing!" And then, there is also the Easter program selection, "Gladys the Cross-Eyed Bear" ("Gladly Thy Cross I Bear").

Walter H. Lorshbough
St. Paul, Minn.

Obvious Solution

I was interested to see Captain Gerald D. Martin's letter in the January 4 issue concerning the possibility of a rescue mission to free the hostages in our Teheran Embassy. There is a possible solution to the hostage crisis that has not, to my knowledge, yet been examined.

After years of watching James Earl Carter on TV, listening to his addresses, and reading his public remarks, I have come to the conclusion that there is unrealized potential here. Clearly all Carter has to do is visit Teheran personally. If he tries hard enough he should be able to put the Iranians to sleep. He might take along his July 15, 1979 TV address, or, better yet, the one that freed us of "our inordinate fear of Communism."

While the Embassy captors slumber, a Special Forces team could escort the hostages to freedom.

Neil Alexander
Detroit, Mich.

Objections

In the article "Why the Soviets Aren't Worried" in your January 4 issue, author Miles Copeland claimed that the Soviets considered the American anti-abortionists (among others) as a group that might play into Soviet hands by forcing American politicians to put the single issue of abortion above the "general national interest." Such an analysis of the Right to Life movement is naïve and simplistic.

Right to Life people are thinking people. They realize that since 1920 the number one worldwide proponent of abortion has been the Soviet Union. Right to Lifers would never condone any defense or foreign policy measure that they feel would weaken the United States vis-à-vis the

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Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, research has proved that to be untrue–you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life. And please remember children can be severely injured in automobile accidents, too. Make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

Because so many people still don't use their seat belts, the government has directed that some form of passive restraint–one that doesn't require any action by the occupant–be built into every car by the 1984 model year. GM is offering one such restraint–a new type of automatic belt–as an option on the 1980 Chevette to gain insight into its public acceptance.

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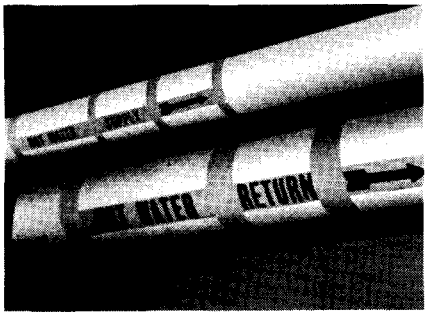

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Soviet Union. Right to Lifers do believe that abortion fosters selfish, hedonistic attitudes that could be detrimental to the security of the Free World. After all, if the American people become indifferent to the plight of their suffering unborn children, could they not become equally indifferent to the plight of a Western Europe menaced by the Soviet Army? I think so, and so do a lot of other people.

Jerry Crosson
Centerport, N.Y.

I can only assume from the brief biographical or identifying information which I found below Mr. Miles Copeland's article "Why the Soviets Aren't Worried" that he is neither a grower of corn, a manufacturer of clothing, a builder of houses, nor a person who cures disease. He is however a person who publishes books, even very good and important books, I'd warrant, based on the generally fine information provided in his article. He is an intellectualoid-verbalist. So am I. Be that as it may, both he and I have apparently managed to avoid becoming tools of the KGB and, along with us, the publishers and contributors to NATIONAL REVIEW, at least. It is for this reason among others that I must ask Mr. Copeland and conservative authors to be wary of knee-jerk anti-intellectualism which seems to come in waves upon us. I was never comfortable with it from Spiro Agnew, although I could in that case understand its cause. But in this case it troubles me.

I would therefore suggest that next time Mr. Copeland clarify more for us just what it is about the present intellectual establishment which indeed does lend tacit support to our enemies. I think he will find that in most cases such an analysis will result in the unmasking of false intellectuals rather than a condemnation of intellectual pursuits rightly drawn.

Ira F. Stone
Seattle, Wash.

One in Hand

I look forward to Cato's "Letter from Washington" and cannot think of when I have seriously disagreed with his opinions. The perfect record is now over; for he is wrong about George Bush [Dec. 21]. John Lindsay, before he shifted parties (and even after), was in the Scranton-Rockefeller tradition. Not George. George could have stayed in Connecticut and in due course, and with a little luck, advanced from Greenwich selectman to U.S. Senator; instead he went West. He was one of the original young men of the immediate postwar years who went to Texas and made a commitment to the finding of oil and gas in the continental United States, while the majors (Exxon included) were concentrating on the lush reserves in Venezuela and the Middle East. George's

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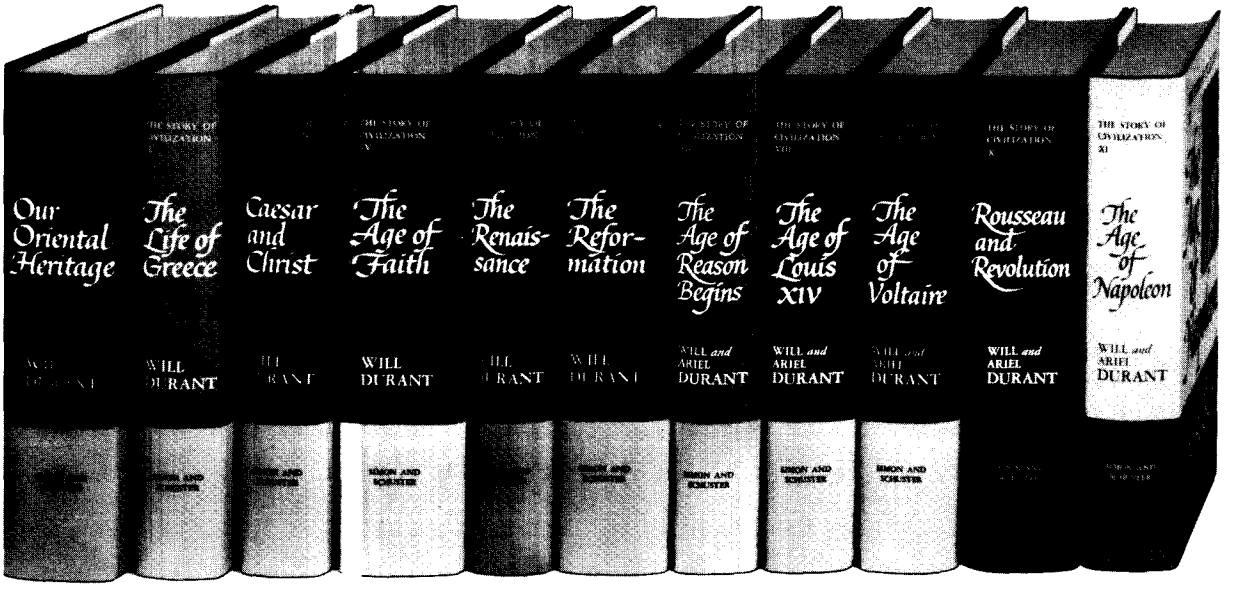

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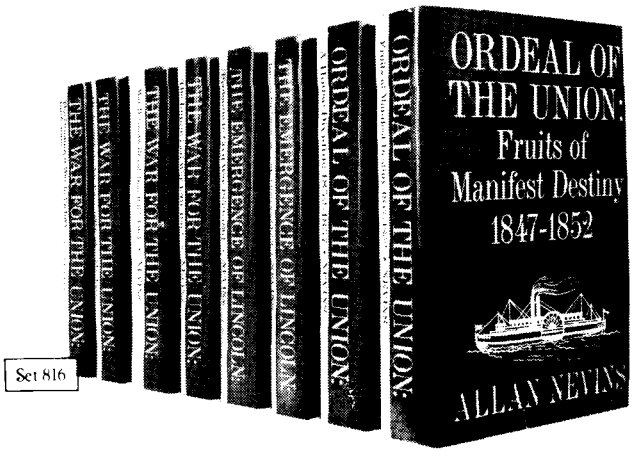
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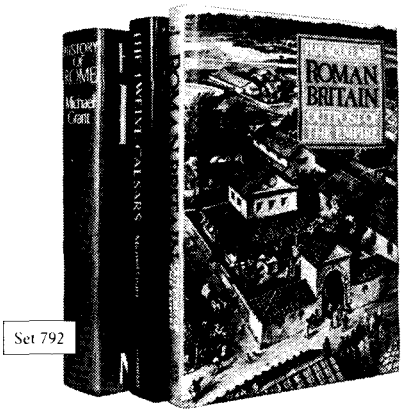

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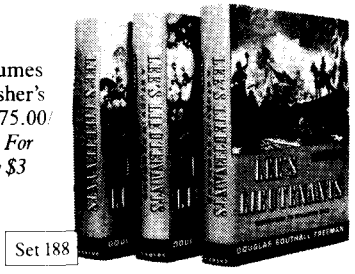

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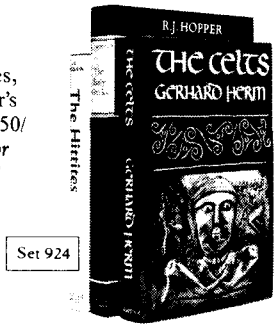

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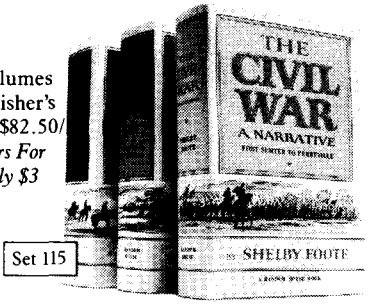

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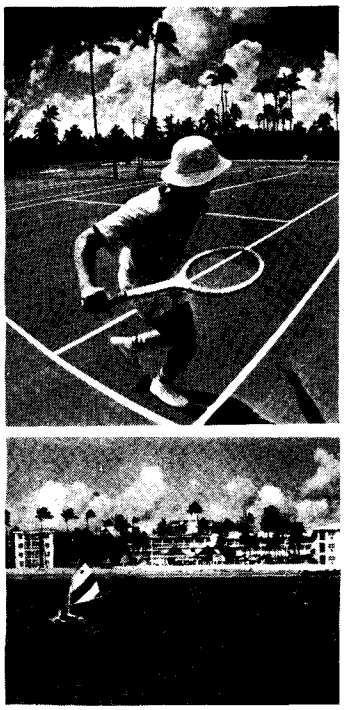

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record in government is well known. Here is a man then who has the experience (no more costly on-the-job training), the intelligence, the integrity, and a blending of conservative/pragmatic thinking who will be able to lead us out of the present morass. Please don't sell him short with labels better applied to Weicker, Bradley, Lindsay, Pell, and even Teddy.

Those of us who back George are not engaged in any stop-anybody movement. We are trying to get the right man in the right job before it's too late.

David E. P. Lindh
Wallace, Idaho

In his column in the December 21, 1979 issue, Cato referred to George Bush as a jogging, tennis-playing preppie from Greenwich and predicted that if Bush receives the Republican presidential nomination the party's New Majority era will come to an abrupt halt.

I do not pretend to be an expert on George Bush, but one of my co-workers—an ardent conservative—hails from Houston and lived in Bush's district when Bush was congressman. He says that Bush had an impeccable conservative voting record in Congress. Maybe the liberal media have convinced themselves that Bush is a "moderate," but is it true? If it is true, let Cato lay out the facts for *NR*'s readers.

As to the New Majority era, Ronald Reagan and John Connally are both millionaires. How are they more capable of appealing to the New Majority than Bush?

Again, I am basing my comments on my co-worker's remarks, but if he is right, Bush could be a good choice. With a combination of conservative beliefs, years in the Sunbelt, impeccable Eastern establishment background, and reputation as a "moderate," Bush might be just the man to not only win the election, but also heal once and for all the split in the Republican Party.

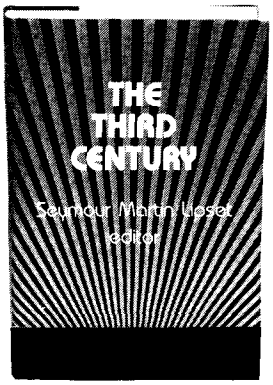
I assume *NR* will do its usual thorough job on the 1980 race. If the editors have decided that certain Republican candidates do not merit conservative support, let's have the reasons, not snide remarks.

Benjamin Neuhausen
Rye, N.Y.

We admire George Bush for many things, among them his voting record in the House and the shrewd campaign he is waging for the Presidency. We would even venture the (personal) opinion that he would be a good Chief Executive. Even so, it is clear that, by both background and personal style, he is the antithesis of the New Majority-type candidate. His support among New Right, blue-collar, Catholic, ethnic, and single-issue constituencies is at this point non-existent. Or, as Bush's superb managers prefer to put it, latent.

—CATO

HOOVER



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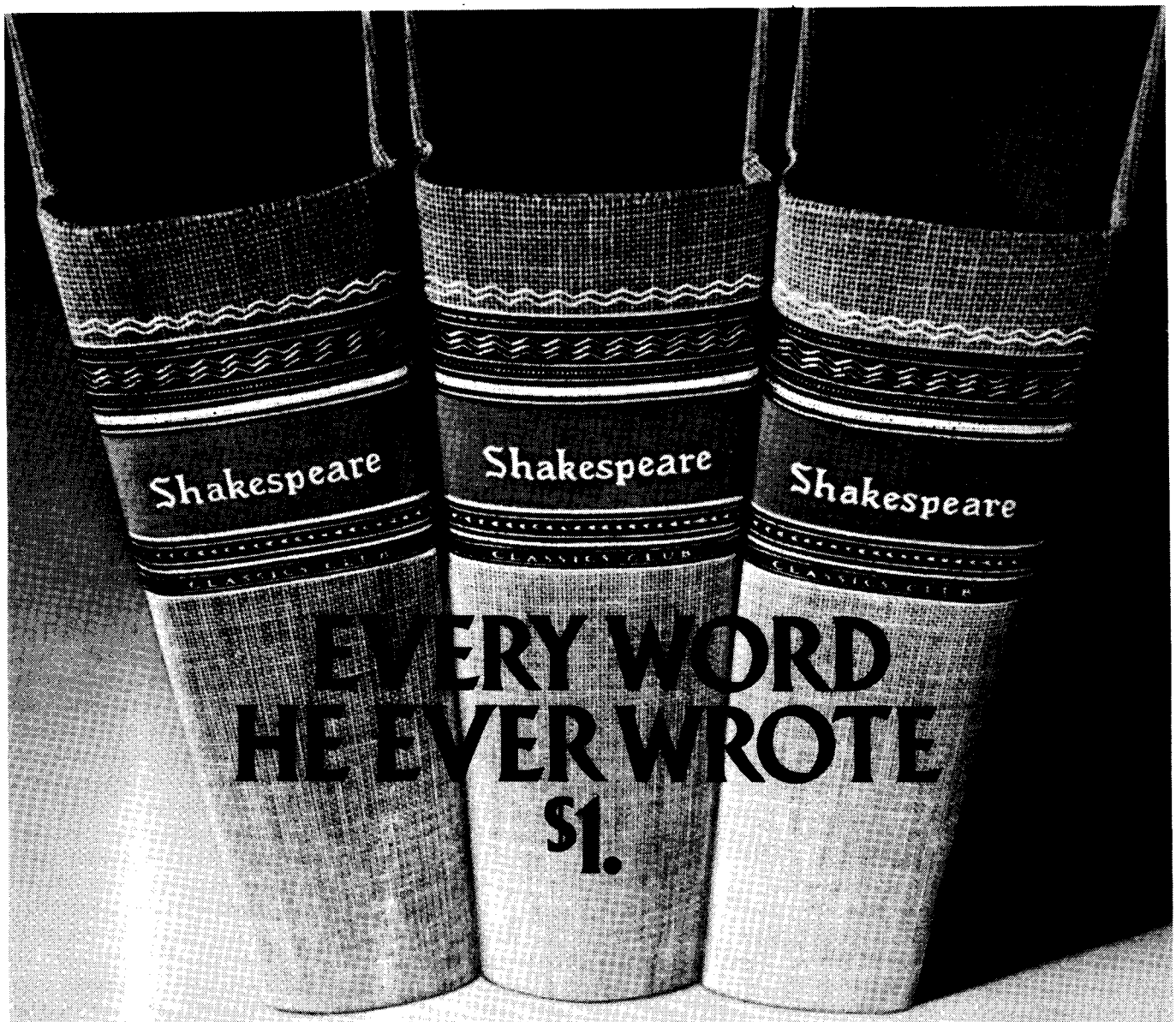

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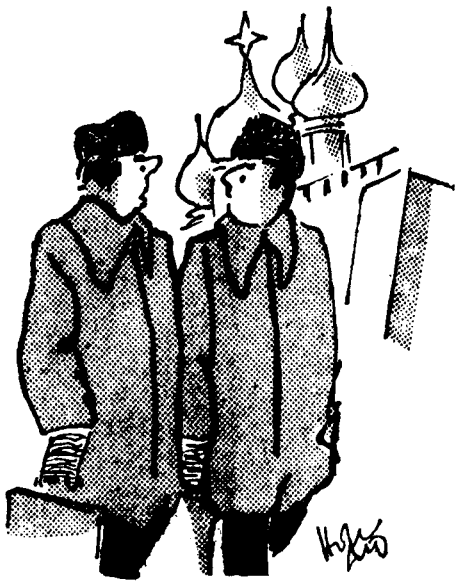
FOR THE RECORD

■ Snipers have finally begun aiming at **Jimmy Carter**'s Rose Garden. "He says national unity must be preserved," wrote **David Broder** recently, "but it is increasingly clear that it is Carter's interests—not the hostages' or the country's—that are being protected by his sequestered status." Carter did emerge from the White House to appear on *Meet the Press* January 20, the day before the **Iowa caucus**, when he declared that the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan wouldn't have any effect on U.S. decision to impose sanctions on neighboring Iran. Carter got the Iowa headlines the next day, said Broder, but Iran has yet to get the sanctions . . . Has Jimmy called? Despite Iran and Afghanistan crises, say **Evans & Novak**, "never before have so many total strangers been telephoned by a President." Carter makes twenty to forty phone calls to prospective voters each weeknight, and many more than that on weekends. **Kennedy** workers in New Hampshire say that in some precincts every Democratic household has received a phone call from the President. . . . With Kennedy running to the left of Carter, Carter stand-in **Fritz Mondale** has turned into a free-marketeer. Mondale has derided Kennedy's call for wage-price controls as "hocus-pocus and hokum" that would spawn an "army of federal bureaucrats." As for Kennedy's call for gas rationing, Mondale said that wouldn't produce a "single drop of oil." . . . The other Democratic contender, **Jerry Brown**, is doing poorly even at home. In a nonbinding presidential preference poll at the California state Democratic convention, Brown got 207 votes, against 622 for Kennedy, and 583 for Carter.

■ Campaign warchests are overflowing. As 1980 began, presidential contenders had received nearly $40 million from individuals—double the amount given at the same point in 1976 campaign. Biggest money-raiser is **John Connally**, with $9.1 million raised by the end of the year, plus $800,000 in January. **Ronald Reagan** is second, with $7.2 million raised in 1979 and $1.1 million in January. Carter raised $5.7 million in 1979, easily beating late-starter Ted Kennedy, who raised $3.9 million in the final three months of '79. . . . Eventual presidential nominees will receive $29,440,000 from the Federal Government, plus about $3 million as a fund-raising allowance. After some hesitation, Reagan has decided to accept federal matching funds. The lesson of Iowa now driven home, Reagan will participate in a debate with his GOP rivals in **South Carolina** on February 28 and will also debate in **New Hampshire** some time before the state's February 26 primary.



Holland, *London Daily Telegraph* Rothco

"I gather, comrade, that the Olympic Flame will be arriving via the Khyber Pass."

■ The **AFL-CIO** under **Lane Kirkland** is about as soft on Communism as it was under **George Meany**. Immediately after banishment of **Andrei Sakharov**, Kirkland said: "This is a grim reminder of the character of the men who run the machine that now poses the greatest threat to peace since World War II." The AFL-CIO, he said, "would take appropriate steps to ensure that Dr. Sakharov's voice is not silenced." . . . In Moscow five Jewish refuseniks—**Viktor Yelistrapov**, **Grigory Rozenstein**, **Boris Chernobilsky**, **Yakov Rakhlenoko**, and **Vladimir Slepak**—have been fired from their jobs and are now subject to the Soviet law on parasitism. . . . Twelve Soviet dissidents, including **Vladimir Bukovsky**, **Aleksandr Ginzburg**, **Andrei Amalrik**, and General **Pyotr Grigorenko**, have published a pamphlet calling for a boycott of the Moscow Olympics. "The Olympic oath taken by Soviet bloc athletes," said Ginzburg, "makes quite clear their political obligations and therefore makes them a tool of Communist propaganda." . . . Dissidents in Soviet-occupied **Latvia**, **Estonia**, and **Lithuania** have urged all nations who have not recognized the Soviet colonization of the Balkans not to send their teams to Talin, capital of Estonia, where the Olympic yachting events are scheduled to take place. . . . **Captive Nations Committee** has moved **Afghanistan** from its who's next category to captive; **Iran** is now first on the who's next list. . . . **Vladimir Shelkov**, the 84-year-old Seventh Day Adventist arrested last March and sentenced to five years' hard labor, died January 27 in a Siberian labor camp.

■ Bashful **Robert Strauss**, downplaying his own role in Carter transfiguration, says two people are responsible and "I believe in giving them credit: **Khomeini** and Teddy Kennedy."

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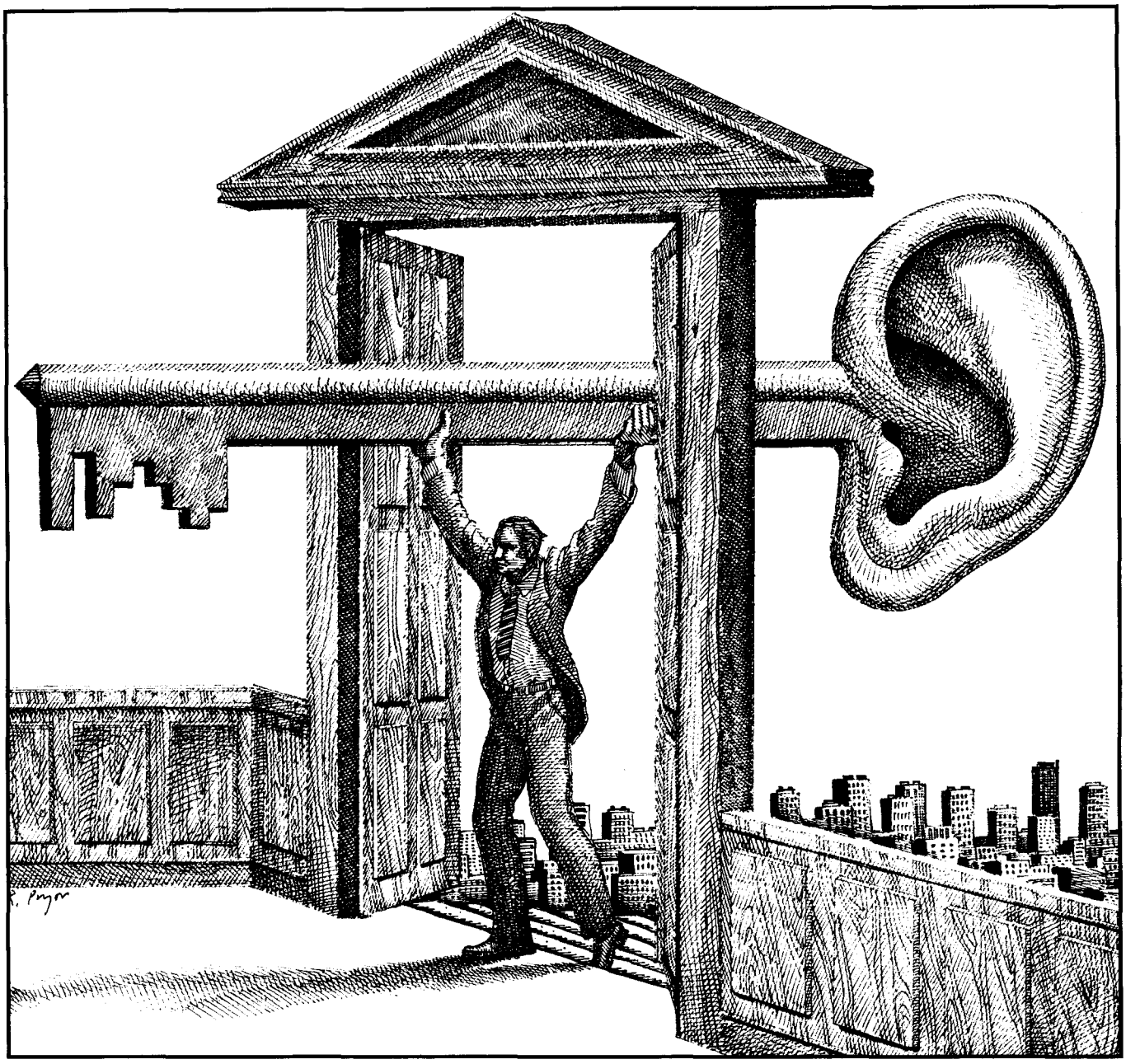

OPENING THE CLOSED DOORS OF JUSTICE

ATLANTA, Georgia—During the trial of a pornography king in Rome, Ga., the judge suddenly ordered the doors of justice shut on the public and their free press while he heard the testimony of a key witness.

Reporter Neil Craig of WXIA-TV, the Gannett television station in Atlanta, objected. He read into the record a statement of protest from The Gannett Card, a wallet-size card which equips all Gannett newsstaffers with a prepared plea for a hearing on any move to close a courtroom to the press or the public. This card also includes a reminder of the people's First Amendment rights to a free and unfettered press.

The next morning WXIA-TV sent its legal counsel from Atlanta to Rome by helicopter to back up Craig's protest. But before this attorney arrived, the judge reversed his decision and reopened the courtroom doors.

The quick use of The Gannett Card by reporters, coupled with the capable support of local counsel, has kept courtroom doors open to Gannett reporters in 11 of 15 cases in the five months following the U.S. Supreme Court decision in Gannett v. DePasquale. (This decision allowed courtroom doors to be closed in certain cases.) In the same five-month period, the national scoreboard on courtroom closings has been more frightening—only 42 of 107 were decided in favor of the people and their free press.

At Gannett we believe that today, more than ever, journalists must be prepared to move quickly and effectively to defend the public's right to know—the cornerstone of our rights as a free people in a free society.

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THE WEEK

■ *O Canada!*

■ Those rebellious inmates at the New Mexico State Penitentiary surrendered meekly, leaving the authorities to pick up the pieces. The protest against overcrowding, bad cooking, mail restrictions, and other evils got out of hand when some of the rebels took knives and blowtorches to their fellow prisoners, and ended with a death toll of about 35, once all limbs had been matched to the relevant torsos. Governor Bruce King, who spoke with the rebel leaders by phone, explained their concerns: "They told me they were being treated as kids when they should be treated as men."

■ Remember Jimmy Carter's promise to end the practice of dishing out ambassadorships to presidential cronies and toadies? Well, meet Mr. Carter's Ambassador to Singapore, Richard Kneip, former governor of South Dakota, supporter of Carter's 1976 presidential bid, and subject of an article in the *Foreign Affairs Journal*. The article, written by Kneip's former deputy chief of mission, says the first hint of trouble came a few days after Kneip arrived at his post, when his secretary emerged from a meeting with him and said that he had just asked her where Canberra is. In the following months our man in Singapore grew ever more inquisitive, asking other questions, like: "What is this Gang of Four that everyone is talking about?" And: "Did you say that there are two separate Korean governments? How come?"

■ Fair Harvard has just experienced the largest demonstration since the good ol' days. Six hundred inflamed undergraduates milled about in Harvard Yard to chant the ever popular "Hell no, we won't go," and other greatest hits from the Sixties. The demonstration came equipped with a real live rock band (lest anybody think the kids weren't serious), and featured the usual complement of sympathetic untenured faculty. The emotional high point of the festivities came when one speaker choked, "Registration is a license to kill innocent youths." It remains mysterious exactly *which* innocent youths are being menaced, but best estimates place them in the general vicinity of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

■ Don't let the Harvard kids get you down; their replacements sound terribly wholesome. Gallup Poll figures show that 87 per cent of U.S. high-school students desire more respect for authority; 80 per cent favor greater emphasis on family ties; 78 per cent want more technological improvements; 69 per cent oppose a diminished emphasis on hard work; and 72 per cent oppose greater acceptance of marijuana. On the other hand, maybe they'll never be accepted at Harvard . . .

■ The view is beginning to go around Wall Street that the return to cold war with the Soviet Union is an elixir that will ward off the recession that has afflicted the U.S. economy. The stock market is expecting increased defense spending, and this expectation has already lifted defense and high-technology stocks and "defense metals" like vanadium, molybdenum, titanium, nickel, copper, and steel. The problem with this view is that it is a reversion to the old Keynesian thinking: more government spending and bigger budget deficits are good for the economy. This is not likely to be the case. As Milton Friedman and other economists have shown, the total tax burden equals total government spending. So if the latter grows, so must the former. The higher taxes implicit in a larger government budget will increase the disincentives to save and to produce. If our policy-makers increase demand (through bigger defense budgets) and don't take compensating action to increase supply (through cutting other spending or lowering tax rates), they will unbalance the economy at the current price level, and inflation will be off and running again. Because so much social spending is indexed, higher inflation would make it more difficult to achieve significant real increases in defense spending.

■ A gasoline tank at the Clark Oil Company refinery in Taylor, Michigan exploded at three in the morning, forcing eight thousand people to leave their homes. A million gallons of gasoline were burnt and three mobile homes were destroyed, though no one was hurt—which must be why there was no front-

Teddy's White Knuckles

The TV spots are nicely acted.
He chops the air as brother Jack did.
His kith and kin campaign with vigor;
Still, there's the *soupçon* of a snigger.
The bane of thespians and preachers,
It's just off-stage, or in the bleachers.
Though still incipient, the laughter's
Potential's there to shake the rafters.
That's why he tends to clench his knuckles
At titters, giggles, hoots, or chuckles.

W. H. VON DREELE

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

A few political mutterings for you today. . . . The only sure-thing winner of the New England primaries will be John Anderson. He of the silver hair and golden tongue has already lined up support from the terminally trendy in Malibu, Manhattan, and the cast of *Saturday Night Live*. As he takes his campaign to New Hampshire and Massachusetts he will pick up the quiet enthusiasm of the Reagan organization (which sees a vote for Anderson as a vote denied to Bush or Baker) and subsequently of the Carter organization (which has settled on Reagan as its favorite November opponent). We expect that Anderson will come out of New England with much-improved prospects—as a long-shot candidate for Vice President and a short-shot candidate for the presidency of a university, a foundation, or a goo-goo group such as Common Cause. . . . We can't wait for Anderson's new friends among the coke-for-lunch bunch to ask him his position on nuclear power. Ol' John has been ardently pro-nuke for more than a decade. Surprise!

■ Ever wonder about the power of your individual vote? Ronald Reagan never does. He knows. As the final returns drift in from the Iowa caucuses, it's apparent that the Bush-Reagan contest was a squeaker, not the six-point Bush victory headlined election night by Walter and friends. Roughly two thousand votes separated Bush and Reagan, which translates to less than one vote per precinct. The returns evoked memories of four years ago, when Reagan lost the New Hampshire primary (and, some believe, the nomination) by a mere 1,300 votes. . . . We have eyeballed some congressional polls from the great state of Massachusetts and they suggest the unsuggestable: Carter is closing fast and has a chance to beat Ted Kennedy in the Massachusetts primary. Don't bet the rent money, though. Kennedys have a long history of doing what must be done in Massachusetts. . . . George Bush has finally arrived as a Serious Candidate: at least two news bureaus in town have unleashed investigative reporters to dig into the records of Operation Townhouse, Nixon's 1970 mechanism for funneling major contributions to favored Senate candidates. (Bush ran that year from Texas, losing to Lloyd Bentsen.) Ironically enough, Bush's role in Operation Townhouse was revealed in a 1978 political memoir, *The Prodigal South Returns to Power*. The author of that book was Harry Dent, who signed on last week to manage the Bush campaign in South Carolina.

■ We keep looking for items that will brighten your day, but every time we strike up a conversation, it seems, the clouds thicken. Chatting up an Israeli intelligence agent the other day, we heard this assessment of the royal family's future in Saudi Arabia: "We give them another six months.". . . Have you ever noticed that, however intensive the anticipatory coverage, the press is invariably "surprised" by election results? It is important that one not draw the wrong conclusion, namely, that pre-election dope stories are balder and dash; but rather that the political process is endlessly and mysteriously fascinating. Requiring only the best and the brightest, of course, as its interpreters. . . . The debate over Who Lost Afghanistan has been distressingly unparticularized. As a public service, therefore, we enumerate herewith the individuals responsible—State Department officials Marshall Shulman, Anthony Lake, and Richard Moose. These three senior aides have formed a tight, undeviatingly McGovernite core at the policymaking level of the Carter Administration. Mr. Brzezinski? He has attracted much of the press (hostile, mostly), but the record demonstrates that his generally realistic views have been employed more frequently as a placebo for the public than as a design for Executive action. Mr. Vance? He is penultimately responsible for the conduct of foreign affairs these past three years, but he is not considered an innovative force even by his closest friends. He presides, he mediates, he resolves, he compromises—a fine man and an expensive lawyer, but a policymaker for the 1980s? Sadly not.

■ Representative Robert E. Bauman, the hard-working and attractive Republican from Maryland's eastern shore, has decided not to challenge liberal incumbent Senator Charles (Mac) Mathias in the state GOP primary. Polls indicated that Bauman would have a good chance of knocking off Mathias, but that a Bauman primary victory might bring a stronger Democrat into the general election—namely, state Attorney General Stephen Sachs. In the interests of party unity—the GOP has an outside chance of taking over the Senate this fall—Bauman backed off. But perhaps not for long. Maryland's junior senator, Democrat Paul Sarbanes, is up for reelection in 1982, and the hard-charging Bauman would be a formidable opponent—especially with some quiet help from Mathias. —CATO

page coverage in major newspapers, no hourly bulletins on the radio, no network news crews dispatched to the scene, no think pieces in national magazines, and no presidential commissions appointed to study the use and abuse of this dangerous fuel.

■ Caribbean Watch: El Salvador has its second government in less than six months, this one a military-civilian junta of centrists who are pleasing to neither the Left nor the Right. The violence escalates and could lead to a coup from either Left or Right. The Marxist revolutionaries are getting clandestine aid from Cuba, from which most of the festering sores of the area are aggravated, but they have one important thing working against them. They have no Somoza to coalesce against—no target. . . . In neighboring Nicaragua, the trials have started. The first of 7,500 former Somoza officials and supporters has been sentenced to thirty years in jail. (Thirty years is the sentence Castro opponents most often receive.) Four of the key ministries—Planning (nationalization), Agriculture (land reform), Defense, and People's Militia—have been taken over from civilian coalition partners by members of the Sandinista Liberation Front. One thousand Cuban teachers have arrived to restructure and re-align the Nicaraguan

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educational system. In Nicaragua the changes are slower than they were in Castro Cuba, but the direction is the same. . . . In Guatemala the political assassinations and hit-and-run raids continue.

■ Emanuel Shinewell grew up in the slums of Glasgow and, having forsaken his boxing ambitions, became a pugnacious Laborite politician, holding two cabinet posts. That was long ago. Today Lord Shinwell is 95, and he can be as combative toward his own lost illusions as he ever was toward his opponents: "I nationalized the mines, but do you think I'm proud of that? No, not at all. The wages are better and the safety conditions are better, but you've still got the same old class divisions. We got rid of the coal owners and replaced them with bureaucrats. Despite all the fine and lovely idealism, it went wrong. The miners want more money, and the government wants peace in the pits, so you get the government and the trade unions allied against the interests of the consumer."

■ Good evening, and welcome to "It's Your Neck Not Mine, Buster." Tonight's guest is Milovan Djilas, renowned Yugoslav dissident and co-founder of the Yugoslav Communist Party. Mr. Djilas, we understand that you recently told *Encounter* magazine that you ". . . want the West to stand up to the Soviet Union with a much greater sense of trust in its institutions and a much greater willingness to pick up and return the ideological challenge than it is currently doing"; and that "at the moment the U.S.A. has added moral disarmament to its puzzling eagerness to throw away its arms at the first sound of a softly spoken Soviet word." Mr. Djilas, how can you be so sure that this challenge exists? "What our five senses tell us is that, whether with brute force or without—with military occupation or without—Soviet hegemony has been gradually expanding in all parts of the world . . . What our five senses also tell us is that the Western nations appear to be totally unprepared and even . . . unwilling to say to the Russians: This is where you are going to stop!" Mr. Djilas, why are our own leaders equipped with fewer than five senses?

■ Arthur Jensen's back, with a 774-page book defending his controversial thesis that IQ tests are good measures of native intelligence. Unlike most of those who haven't read it, we have no opinion of it, honest. But we honor Professor Jensen as an influential doubter of the great dogma that every unpalatable social fact must be a Social Problem, is probably the result of Social Injustice, and requires an army of federally funded Experts to provide a Solution.

■ Among the things we're not terribly worried about this week is GENETIC TESTING IN INDUSTRY. The *New York Times* is doing a WHOLE SERIES on the issue, noting that the Du Pont Company routinely gives BLACK JOB APPLICANTS, and NOBODY ELSE, blood tests for susceptibility to sickle-cell anemia, even though there is NO FIRM EVIDENCE that the trait makes blacks especially vulnerable to CHEMICALLY INDUCED DISORDERS. The *Times* evidently hopes the series will create a MAJOR SCANDAL, raising questions about the CIVIL RIGHTS AND LIBERTIES OF WORKERS. You know, like the CIA CASE. So far, nobody seems to be getting HYSTERICAL.

■ The word is out. *The Times* of London has blackballed the use of the word "Ms." in its pages. The latest supplement to the *Times*' stylebook announces, "This is a rallying point for common sense. It is artificial, ugly, silly, means nothing, and is rotten English. It is a faddish, middle-class plaything, and far from disguising the marital status of women, as is claimed, it draws attention to it. It is a vanity."

Politics 1980

I. Waiting for (Another) Lefty

For Left-liberals, 1980 is shaping up as more depressing than Humphrey-Nixon. There exists no satisfying major Left option, none at all. Jerry Brown has proved fictitious. Kennedy's candidacy is generally presumed moribund, the only remaining question being just when someone will pull the plug and disconnect the life-support systems. Kennedy's touted Georgetown speech, from that perspective, was merely a face-saving way of bowing out, the *ex post facto* rationale for a failed candidacy: better to go as the Rejected Liberal than as the clown of the Roger Mudd show or the bungler of Iowa. So the Left looks forward to Carter *versus* Republican Conservative, and the groans of the tormented echo through the canyons of Manhattan and up the boulevards of Beverly Hills.

Since it's unthinkable to spend the entire summer of 1980 *without a candidate*, the Left has begun to look with great longing upon Republican Representative John Anderson, who has reciprocated by escalating his anti-cold-war rhetoric. McGovernish money has already begun to flow to Anderson, he has appeared at radical-chic parties on both coasts, and—important development—substantial numbers of Massachusetts liberals are planning to register Republican and vote for Anderson in the primary. And that's more bad news for Kennedy.

Another beneficiary of Kennedy's political demise could be the Citizens Party of Barry Commoner,

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Ralph Nader, et al., a socialist grouping. The Citizens Party has chapters in 32 states, it could play a spoiler's role in November, and John Anderson has not excluded running as a third party candidate.

II. Bush and the Conservatives

An upset victor in Iowa and looking strong in New Hampshire and Massachusetts, George Bush is now coming under serious scrutiny as a possible Republican nominee.

The initial estimate holds that Bush has problems, but not on the issues. There, he differs little from Reagan, to the point, indeed, where he is being called the Tweed Reagan. He favors a strong national defense, a firm line toward the Soviets, and a tax cut (though less than Reagan favors), and he saw no reason to embarrass Taiwan. The only point on which he differs markedly from Reagan concerns a constitutional amendment on abortion: Reagan favors, Bush opposes one.

As a prospective opponent for Carter, however, Bush raises some as yet unanswered questions. In the last two presidential elections the swing vote was what might be called, loosely, the Wallace vote, ethnic in the North, generally insurgent and populist in the South. It went to Nixon in 1972, switched Democratic for Carter in 1976.

To beat Carter in 1980, the GOP will need that swing vote. The question now is whether George Bush, verray parfit gentleman from Andover and Yale, can generate an appeal to that decisive constituency. In 1976, Carter demonstrated a formidable appeal to "Wallace voters," and he is not running in 1980 as St. Francis of Assisi.

War?

According to an old legend, recounted by Livy, a bleeding head was discovered when the foundations of Rome were laid. In his *Discorsi*, Machiavelli reflected on this legend. Yes, he observed, the state indeed is founded finally upon violence. Without violence as a last resort, the state would perish: a harsh, but nevertheless true, axiom.

In his State of the Union address to Congress, President Carter held forth for all to see that bleeding head. He threatened the Soviet Union with war. "An attempt," he said, "by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America. And such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force." On a special mission to India, Clark Clifford re-emphasized Carter's position, and used the word "war."

In the abstract, the Carter Administration was saying nothing new. The importance of Persian Gulf oil to the U.S., and, even more, to Europe and Japan, has long been one of the givens of international relations. But by making that assumption explicit now, Carter has introduced a qualitative change into U.S.-Soviet relations. The *enemy* has been defined, and threatened, and the enemy has no room for miscalculation.

But suppose the Soviet Union does move against the oil-producing areas? Was Carter's threat one, as some say, on which he would find it impossible to deliver?

Much would depend upon the nature of the Soviet thrust. A Soviet air and naval move to block the Strait of Hormuz at the entrance to the Persian Gulf would invite attack by U.S. naval and air forces now on station and en route to the area.

A Soviet-inspired proxy uprising against the Gulf sheikdoms, or against Saudi Arabia itself—perhaps backed by Cuban troops—would presumably be met by American troops as part of a mixed force, perhaps including NATO, Egyptian, and Israeli elements.

Suppose, however, that the Soviet Union were to launch a major thrust across the Afghan border into southern Iran, possibly in response to a programmed request from dissident Baluchi tribesmen. The Soviets possess the capacity to launch a quarter of a million heavily armed and mechanized troops across that region in an afternoon. In that case, unless the so-called Carter Doctrine is an empty bluff, the President must be saying that such a development would bring into play U.S. tactical nuclear missiles. Few strategists believe that a major Soviet thrust could be thrown back by the conventional forces available to the region. Such nuclear weapons, however, could be used very effectively against Soviet installations and Soviet troop concentrations.

The risk does exist that such a confrontation would then escalate into nuclear attacks on the homelands of the two superpowers. Even in the event of a major conflict in the Persian Gulf area, that risk seems small. And, as a matter of fact, it has always existed. The U.S. and its NATO allies have not attempted to match the Soviet Union and the Warsaw Pact forces in capacity for conventional warfare. As Winston Churchill observed many years ago, all that has prevented the conquest of the West is America's possession of the atomic bomb. President Carter has now explicitly defined the Persian Gulf as a region which must be clearly understood to be under the protection of American nuclear weapons.

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The Defense Budget: Reading the Fine Print

The pages on military matters in the Carter Administration's brochure entitled "The United States Budget in Brief: Fiscal Year 1981" are replete with encouraging words suitable for a stump speech or a party platform: "significant increase in . . . capabilities," "upgrade our strategic forces," "improve combat readiness," "improve readiness to deter," "continue to modernize," "improve efficiency," and so on. If words are deeds, as President Carter observed on a famous occasion, then things look bright for United States security.

One must read not the billboard words, however, but the fine print. That sort of examination tells a lot about the Carter budget as it touches on defense. In truth, a "not" should be inserted in every one of the happy phrases quoted above.

For every category of equipment, procurement schedules are down from figures projected a year ago. There will be less ship procurements this year—and the numbers are manifestly incommensurate with the goal of a 550-ship Navy which the President professes to aspire to. Naval aircraft procurement will not make up for expected attrition and mandated retirements—resulting in a net loss. Specialized logistic ships and CX transport aircraft are the only new items—due to start materializing by 1985 and to attain numbers sufficient for significant action in distant emergencies by 1988 or 1989, unless customary reductions and stretchouts are interposed. Real growth of 3.3 per cent (only 3.3!) in actual outlays and 5.5 per cent in obligational authority is indicated—but the numbers hinge on holding inflation to 8.42 per cent, which virtually nobody believes is in the cards. With a more realistic inflation rate factored in, the vaunted increases dip toward nullity.

A Value-Added Tax

Representative Al Ullman, chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, and Senator Russell Long, chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, have raised their voices in recent weeks in support of the value-added tax.

The VAT is, in essence, a flat-rate tax levied on gross profit at each stage of economic production. Its effect on decision-making is neutral. Its effect on the consumer is the same as the effect of a sales tax. In some ways, especially in theory, the VAT might be the best form of taxation.

But it might also be a terrible hobgoblin. As a practical political judgment, it's a cinch that the VAT would be installed as an addition to the 14,000 pages of tax statutes now on the books, not as a substitute for them—statutes so intricately fashioned to balance the claims of a thousand interests that the very thought of dismantling them would chill the spines of the very taxpayers who complain of the tax burden in general but delusively think themselves especially favored. Congress is itself the institutionalized expression of national forces that tend toward more intricate tax codes and higher tax revenues. The introduction of a new form of tax alters nothing.

The tax problem lies not so much in techniques of collection as in the total burden on production. The fundamental question is not, Which tax?—but, How much? California voters, last November, approved, by a 75 per cent majority, a constitutional amendment to limit state spending; and in so doing joined a growing list of states that have voted to place a governor on their governors. The message the taxpayers are sending to Washington is, "*We'll* set the limits, and you can tinker *within* them."

Pristine Moral Slack

Jimmy Carter won the Presidency on the Virtue ticket, promising not only never to lie to us but also to banish from Washington, by sundown, any aide or appointee of his who might be caught lying to us. The funny dealings of his Treasury Secretary, G. William Miller, are by no means certainly criminal or even improper; but they do remind one how many of Carter's chosen associates seem to wind up, sooner or later, under heavy moral and legal scrutiny.

Columnist William Safire runs down the list of pending scandals in the Administration: the Lance trial, the Vesco obstruction-of-justice case, the Ham Jordan cocaine case, the President's campaign spending and tax problems, and a couple of cases involving Vesco, Libya, and Billy Carter (of whom it must be conceded that he is not the President's *chosen* associate).

None of these cases proves anything in itself. Even if impropriety is proved in all of them, the President's personal morality may emerge unscathed. All the same, it says *something* that so many bombs are bursting around him. The bride may have been a virgin, but an inordinate number of the bridesmaids seem to have been caught walking the streets.

To Safire's list one might add the name of Dr. Peter Bourne, the White House pharmacist. When Bourne admitted to writing illegal prescriptions, did the investigative resources of Washington journalism extend to an examination of all local prescription records? And if not, why not? When you catch a

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Jimmy's September Song

Oh, it's a long, long while
From March to November,
And the odds grow long
When voters remember.
When you wonder whether
I'm the one to blame,
I haven't got time
For the waiting game.
Oh, the praise dwindles down
As the press reviews
Septembers, Novembers . . .
A few more precious months
I'll stew with you;
A few more months, then I'll skidoo.

W. H. VON DREELE

fish, you don't rush to the conclusion that it's the only fish in the lake. Despite all the Carter-related scandals, there has been a curious allocation of journalistic curiosity—in contrast to, say, Watergate.

As the stench rises, Carter himself seems curiously immune, his own virtue steel-plated. Like the feckless Warren Harding, he seems to preside ineffectually, even blindly, over a regime whose principal vitality seems to be that of the operators who infest it. Carter apparently possesses a personal rectitude which has absolutely no contagious power.

It is silly for him to offer that rectitude as a qualification for office when it fails so utterly to communicate itself to any effect- when, indeed, its only effect seems to be to disable him from divining the ultimate goals of either Bert Lance or Leonid Brezhnev.

Shawcross on Cambodia

William Shawcross is a formidably articulate journalist who seems unable to sort out his thoughts on Cambodia.

In his recent and influential book *Sideshow*, Shawcross attempted to indict Nixon and Kissinger for the destruction of Cambodia. According to this book, Cambodia was only a "sideshow" to the main war in Vietnam; but first the post-1968 bombing of the Cambodian sanctuaries, then the attack on the Fishhook and Parrot's Beak salients, widened the war and sealed Cambodia's fate by driving the North Vietnamese out of their border sanctuaries and deeper into the countryside. Subsequent U.S. air strikes, designed to sustain the Lon Nol regime against the North Vietnamese and the Khmer Rouge, completed the job of destruction.

This argument has been seized upon by moralists thirsting for villains, Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* conspicuous among them.

But in a long and moving article in the January 24 *New York Review of Books*, Shawcross argues from a different perspective and in a contradictory way. While attempting to stimulate action on behalf of Cambodia in its present sad plight, Shawcross concedes that Cambodia may be doomed, and that perhaps it always was:

> When Vietnam last dominated Cambodia, in the mid-nineteenth century, the Vietnamese emperor Minh Mang wrote to his General Truong Minh Giang that "hundreds of knives should be used against them, to chop them up, to dismember them . . ." At that time, Cambodia was saved only by the protectorate the French imposed and maintained until 1954. Nothing the Vietnamese have done since 1954 has suggested conspicuous concern for the well-being of the Cambodian people.

Shawcross then goes on to make a powerful geopolitical point: "Perhaps the French protectorate merely delayed a process *which is all the more inevitable* [italics added] now that Vietnam has 51 million people who are short of rice, while Cambodia's population of only 4.5 million lives in a highly fertile region. . . ."

Now, Kissinger has demonstrated in his memoirs that Shawcross's "local" argument—about the bombing and about the move against the two salients—fails, demonstrably, on grounds of simple chronology.

But set that aside. What about Shawcross's larger perception about Vietnamese imperialism in the region? If his *New York Review* article is correct, then his central thesis in *Sideshow* is wrong—wrong not

Jones

Rothco

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only on chronological, but on geopolitical grounds. Thus, Cambodia was doomed by historic Vietnamese imperialism; Cambodia was, so to speak, the Poland of Southeast Asia. The only thing that would have forestalled its destruction at the hands of the Vietnamese was a U.S.-South Vietnamese victory in the war, i.e., a permanently divided Vietnam.

And that is precisely what Nixon and Kissinger sought to achieve. Kissinger ought to be Shawcross's hero, not his villain. It is a sick irony that those who opposed resistance to Hanoi's imperialism (like Anthony Lewis) now try to blame Kissinger for the predictable results of that imperialism. This is like blaming Churchill for the fate of Poland.

William Shawcross has been noisily educating himself in public. His claque in the media ought to wait until the process is complete.

Ayatollahism

The philosopher/historian Oswald Spengler distinguished between "culture" and "civilization." By culture he meant traditional society as it has existed in countless forms since time immemorial. By civilization he meant the modern form of society (which does, of course, derive in part from ancient urban societies such as Athens and Rome).

Spengler's distinction, which others had anticipated, sheds much light on current upheavals in the Third World, and on U.S. difficulties there.

Society in the form of a traditional culture is communal and subordinates the individual, often ruthlessly, to the group. Its economy is static. It lives by norms handed down through countless generations, perhaps codified in some holy book. It is held together by powerful emotions, familial, communal, and religious, and it is almost always xenophobic.

Modernity offers a lethal challenge to all this—the modernity of the West, and, within the West, the modernity of the West's most modern nation, the United States: which Gertrude Stein called the oldest nation in the modern world, because it was the first to become predominantly modern.

Spengler's modernizing "civilization" values the individual highly and celebrates human differences. It absorbs a variety of nationalities and ethnic groups. Its economy is not static but in a state of permanent revolution. It can retain many traditional attitudes and norms, but it also creates a structure of laws and a code of civic behavior which it endows with universality. Whereas "culture" is characterized by intense communal feeling, "civilization" attempts to bring much of life into the realm of reason.

Much present-day Third World political behavior represents a rebellion of "culture" against "civilization"—the scream of Conrad's savages in *Heart of Darkness* when they see the steamboat. The mobs in the streets of Teheran consist largely of rural farm workers displaced by the Shah's modernization. For a traditional people, modernization comes as a tremendous shock, a sudden emotional decompression, a loss of moorings. In the impassioned and twisted faces of the Teheran mob, we glimpse the fear and rage of a traditional culture, on the defensive and in pain.

From this perspective, America is much more of a threat to Third World culture than the Soviet Union is. The Soviet form of society is anti-modern in theory and practice, and its modernizing initiatives tend to be either cribbed or abortive. The Soviet threat is predominantly military, not radically modernizing—although, to be sure, the Soviets are only too willing to exploit the anti-Americanism of the traditionalists for their own strategic purposes.

Oswald Spengler posited a cyclical theory of history in which civilization and culture replaced each other indefinitely. This notion seems doubtful. Iran, for example, contains a substantial Westernized educated population. These people no doubt regard the Ayatollah with impatience and disgust. The Ayatollah's constituency consists of the displaced and the threatened, plus Marxists biding their time. Yet even his constituency appears to desire both Islamic asceticism and modern well-being: the "Islamic revolution" has a contradiction at its heart. Even Mao's grandiose reactionary dream of a peasant utopia had to give way to the requirements of military necessity and the aspirations of a "new class" of bureaucrats and managers. All the ancient tribal passions and all the maxims of the Ayatollah's Shi'ite code probably cannot stand for long against the transistor radio, Cheryl Tiegs, and the Beatles.

Candide among the Artists

In which Michael Straight, former editor of The New Republic, *Deputy Chairman of the National Endowment for the Arts from 1969 to 1978, tells of his experiences among the artists.*

"The Federal Government used to operate on a fiscal year that ended on June 30. Understandably, late June in the Arts Endowment was a time made frantic by a last-minute rush to get grants signed and mailed. . . . I began to read them and a few left me perplexed.

"'My project is a series of paintings, ten to 15 layers of paint deep, consisting entirely of extremely subtle gradations of grey.'

"'The project I propose will temporarily manipulate the Chicago skyline for the period of one year.'

"'The Porpoise Opera Project is an experimental project intended to function in an oceanarium's por-

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poise stadium; to make use of existing facilities; and to work with resident porpoises in an effort to plan and develop a full-length opera . . .'

"'I will rent a ground-level studio . . to which I will bring a full grown sow, two female rabbits, two ring-neck doves, a wooley monkey, a young boy, and a young girl. . . . Once settled, we may discover that there are others who would like to join us even if just for a short time (birds, mice, people, etc.). I will record our activities so that those unable to visit and experience our situation directly will know something of what it is like. . . . Sometimes, we will leave our place and go together to another, or bring others to us. For these events, we will need a vehicle, preferably a motorbike with a large sidecar. Perhaps this communal way of life will be quite difficult. However, the educational value for all of us will be extraordinary.'"

And It Came to Pass . . .

On February 3 a new law went into effect in Massachusetts, with predictable—and widely predicted—consequences. On that date, school prayer returned to the classrooms. Under the new law, teachers must seek a student volunteer to lead the class in prayer; objectors may leave the room.

Civil libertarians have challenged the law's constitutionality. That was the least of the anticipated problems, however. School administrators foresaw filibusters in the classrooms and mobs in the halls. In some cases no volunteer might step forth; in others most of the class might leave. A few teachers said *they* would walk out in protest. Holliston teacher Ronald Poskus summed up the danger bluntly: "It would create chaos. We would have two stay in the class and 38 leave. All the teachers here agree it would be a nightmare."

Sure enough, on the morning of February 3, the entire town of Holliston was swept away in a flood. An earthquake—rated 9.8 on the Richter scale—took hundreds of lives in the city of Belmont. An epidemic of cholera rages even now in Amherst. Flash fires have struck homes in Methuen, where prophets ranged through the streets; and lightning felled a church in Lowell where a town meeting was in session, claiming the lives of most in attendance; only a few professed atheists were spared. Many towns report incidents of brother turning against brother, father against child.

The American Red Cross has been unable to find volunteers even to enter the state. The American Civil Liberties Union has asked for emergency donations to finance the construction of an ark. Meanwhile, civil liberties have been widely curtailed. Governor King has imposed martial law, and has asked the state's citizens to refrain from acts of prayer and supplication until the crisis has passed.

Stretched Thin

Thailand trembles; Pakistan frets.
Saudi Arabia publicly sweats.
Tito could vanish; Seoul could erupt.
Libya's nut can be very abrupt.
Throw in Havana—also, Berlin.
What if the PLO adds to the din?
Not to be nervous; stress can be *fun*.
Jimmy assures us we're still Number One.

W. H. VON DREELE

Notes & Asides

■ Dear WFB:

A googol is followed by a hundred zeros, not a thousand.

"A googolplex is described as a one followed by writing zeros until you get tired. The number of raindrops falling on New York City in a century is much less than a mere googol."—*Mathematics and Imagination* (Kasner and Newman, Simon & Schuster, 1940).

Martin Panzer
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your adoption of Woods's Reproaches ("Notes & Asides," Nov. 23) needn't depend ultimately on so evanescent a standard as: *If your ear is any good, write it as you would say it.* Mr. Woods's ancient examples, *Jesuses name*, *Isises temple*—to which could be added one not quite so ancient: *states rights*—suggest a formulation much more precise and far less dependent on the vagaries of individual aural stannosity: Do not add the *-es* sound when the last syllable begins with the sound *s*.

Sincerely,
Richard L. Hoffman
Skokie, Ill.

Dear Mr. Buckley:

Mr. W. M. Woods's letter about possessives ("Notes & Asides," Nov. 23) prompts me to send you some remarks of my own on that subject [see below]. I am a technical writer turned professor and I supply a few articles on grammar to *Technical Communication*, the

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journal of the Society for Technical Comunication. Tech writers prefer to get to the point. We like to have a workable rule for forming possessives when we need them, but we often like to avoid them. Sometimes prepositional phrases or noun modifiers sound better. Either your reviewer or Mr. Woods could have spoken of "the Shawcross book," for example, and avoided the pile-up of *s*'s.

Sincerely,
Fern Rook, Assistant Professor
Arizona State University
Tempe, Ariz.

Possessives

I got a phone call one day from an engineer with a problem. "Fern," he said, "how do you make the possessive of the word lens?"

"L-e-n-s-apostrophe-s," I said.

"Oh, I thought you didn't need the *s* after the apostrophe. I think I read something about that."

"When you make a plural possessive of a word that ends in *s*, you don't need an *s* after an apostrophe, but when you use the singular noun lens, add apostrophe-*s*. You do pronounce both *s*'s."

Describing the formation of the possessive for my engineering friend gave me a chance to quote L. M. Myers (author of *Guide to American English*, Prentice-Hall), my favorite linguist and grammarian:

1. Write the appropriate plain form, singular or plural.
lens lenses
2. Add an apostrophe to indicate the possessive form.
lens' lenses'
3. Then add an *s* unless you have already added one to form the plural.
lens's lenses'

This is simple, consistent, and as good as any of the other systems, Myers says. And he knows.

Now back to my engineering friend. "But I want to talk about the lens's surface, and that doesn't sound too good."

My friend may not know much about possessives, but he has a good ear. Three *s* sounds in a row are too many. So I suggested that he consider two alternatives. First, a writer can often substitute a phrase beginning with "of." (Prepositional phrase, if you remember the grammarians' lingo.) He could very easily say "surface of the lens." Not only is this an alternative to the possessive form, but it is the form professional writers commonly use instead of the possessive when they are speaking of inanimate objects. It is usually preferable to say "the noise of the engine" rather than "the engine's noise."

The second alternative is to use the plain noun as a noun modifier. The simplest form for my friend to use was "lens surface" with no apostrophe at all. We often say such things as "engine noise," "committee report," "chair arm," or "porch steps." You can't use a plain noun all the time instead of a possessive, but do consider using it whenever you can.

This may not solve all your possessive problems, but it ought to take care of most of them.

"We risk our hands, Merciful One, but after consultation, we've decided the only place you can receive proper medical treatment is, Allah willing, America."

■ Dear Bill:

If one of your usual complimentary notes accompanies your check for my "How Dear to This Heart" (*NR*, January 25), I'll know that either you haven't read it carefully or, unlikely as this would be, you noticed the typo on line ten (*advertising* for what I wrote: *advertised*) and realized that it was *NR*'s mistake, not mine. It is a particularly unfortunate mistake not only because it makes the meter horribly wrong but because it comes above the lines where I complain of *The New Yorker*'s "spurning metric gauges." And you had to choose this verse to space out and decorate so that it will be noticed. Of course, most people won't read the thing carefully or knowledgeably enough to spot the error, but the ones who will are the very ones who will fault me. After all, I have my pride.

Corinna

P.S. Yes, there are typos, alas, in my own book, but that's another story.

Dear Corinna:

The couplet in question read,

When sex, though relished as it is today,
Was private, not on advertised display?

Our apologies. As you probably know, we are working with a new printer. The gremlins are impartial in their victims. You will perhaps have noticed, same issue, page 82, that the lady in Mary Gauerke's cartoon is apparently excreting, of all things, my initials. I cause all kinds of emunctory reactions among many people (yourself included), but never before anything so graphic.

Love,
Bill
—WFB

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President and Prince

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

WILL SOMEBODY please ask President Carter (preferably at his next press conference) whether he has read Machiavelli's *The Prince*? It used to be taken for granted that all politicians, but especially those with aspirations to supreme power, had read *The Prince*, even if they kept the fact to themselves. But can the same assumption be made in Jimmy Carter's case?

The question is less flippant than it sounds. There are several good reasons for reading, and re-reading, *The Prince*. One is Machiavelli's marvelously clear and robust prose. Another is to be able to express moral shock and indignation, having read it. But the most important reason—the reason Jimmy Carter should read it—is instruction in the meaning and exercise of power.

Had Jimmy Carter read *The Prince* for instruction, it would not have taken him three years to realize that the Soviet leaders don't give a fig for the conventional norms of international behavior. He might also, on the way, have picked up a hint or two about the exercise of power even in the kind of democracy of which Niccolo Machiavelli had no inkling.

From chapter V, I cull the following, about newly acquired states:

> . . . there are three ways to hold them securely: first, by devastating them; next, by going and living there in person; thirdly, by letting them keep their own laws, exacting tribute, and setting up an oligarchy which will keep the State friendly to you.

The second way is inapplicable, but the first and third are amazingly apposite. The Soviets are adept at devastation, as they showed in Hungary in 1956 and as they are showing right now in Afghanistan.

The bit about an oligarchy, however, is truly a lesson for today. The time for President Carter to get upset about Afghanistan was April 27, 1978, when the men patiently planted by Moscow in Kabul, under the guidance of a KGB team led by Aleksandr Mokovrechenov, overthrew the Daoud regime and installed a pro-Soviet one under the near-Communist Nur Mohammad Taraki.

Or again, when Taraki himself was forced to yield to Amin, before losing his own life. The trouble with Amin, it seems, is that he went too fast about depriving the Afghans of "their own laws." So he, too, had to go, in favor of Karmal, the reserve man biding his time in Moscow.

Nor is the technique of the reserve man new. Back in 1948, when Stalin and Zhdanov were launching their insurgencies all over Southeast Asia, an Indonesian Communist named Musso, who had been living in Moscow, was sent home with a false passport to launch a Communist uprising against the nationalist Sukarno. Some weeks later, the attempt was crushed, and Musso himself was dead. Karmal's chances are somewhat better, with the alternative leaders all safely deceased.

Again, the use of direct Soviet force (as distinct from surrogates) outside the Soviet bloc is not all that new, as one might suppose from the White House briefings of January 9. On June 26, 1978, Soviet warships shelled Aden in South Yemen to facilitate the overthrow and execution of President Salem Rubaya Ali, judged insufficiently pliant to Soviet needs.

Potentially, the South Yemen coup was (and remains) a greater danger to world peace in that it directly threatens the Straits of Hormuz, through which much of the world's oil flows. But the White House indignation at the time was hardly commensurate with the outrage.

War and People

I can think of two other passages in *The Prince* that should be required reading for Presidents and heads of government. One is from chapter XIV:

> A prince . . . should have no other object or thought, nor acquire skill in anything, except war, its organization, and its discipline. . . . The first way to lose your State is to neglect the art of war.

Let me admit, readily, that in this passage, Machiavelli *is* overdoing it. *Nothing* but war? In sixteenth century Florence, perhaps; and even then he upset his contemporaries. But in twentieth century America?

Nevertheless, the Founding Fathers knew what they were about when they decreed that the President should also be the Commander-in-Chief. Until the "students" in Teheran outraged American public opinion by seizing the Embassy hostages, President Carter had paid virtually no attention to the arts of World War III as perfected by the Soviets from Lenin to Brezhnev.

It is no good getting indignant only at the point where those mythical "hawks" in the Kremlin (mythical in that I have yet to hear of a Kremlin "dove") decide they can ignore detente blatantly enough to send in the Red Army. The coups in South Yemen and Ethiopia, the Cuban airlift, the training of revolutionaries from Angola and Mozambique (etc., etc.) are no less part of the arts of war, Soviet-style.

Dismal Inner Ring

Which brings me to my last quotation. It comes from chapter XXII of *The Prince*, and reads: "The first opinion that is formed of a ruler's intelligence is based on the quality of the men he has around him."

If a Chief Executive has around him, of his own choice, men who tell him that it is possible to educate the Russians into discarding the concept of nuclear war; that the Cubans are a stabilizing influence in Africa; or that unilateral disarmament is a good option for the U.S.—then he cannot be expected to understand the realities of Soviet intentions until the "hawks" decide to march into Afghanistan.

Finally, and frankly, there is one thing that bothers me just as much as the presidential lateness in understanding what the Russians are up to. That is to have him describe Afghanistan as the biggest threat to world peace since World War II (when manifestly the Cuban missile crisis of 1962 was a far graver threat to "peace"). Or say that he thinks the Soviets are behaving worse in Afghanistan than they did in Hungary (is it less immoral to massacre Hungarians than Afghans?) But worst of all, to hear him say that detente is not dead (as if something that never existed could be said to die, or to live on). □

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Strange Bedfellows

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

ON PAST PERFORMANCE, the probability that Senator Edward Kennedy would agree with Professor Milton Friedman on an economic issue would appear to be roughly the same as that a team of monkeys might type the works of William Shakespeare.

Such an odd conjunction, however, has occurred twice over in recent years, both times in the matter of transit regulation by the Federal Government. The first time around, it was deregulation of the airlines, which after many years of hammering by conservative economists became the vogue among liberal politicians. This time, it's deregulation of the trucking industry.

Kennedy has presented a couple of trucking deregulation bills (S-710, S-1400) which have the backing of the Carter Administration and are presently being chewed over by the Senate Commerce Committee. The Kennedy legislation would free up entry into the trucking business, eliminate other barriers to competition which pile additional costs on shippers and consumers, and greatly curtail the motor-transit powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Major Resistance

Specific features of the Kennedy bills would outlaw the collusive ratemaking among truckers now condoned by federal law, permit truckers to raise or lower rates inside a given range without approval from the ICC (eventually phasing out rate regulation altogether), change the existing burden of proof which requires an applicant to show his competitive presence won't injure someone else, do away with backhaul restrictions, and eventually, get rid of ICC authority over routes and cargoes. The object of these provisions is to move the trucking business, by degrees, toward a free market.

As happened with airline deregulation, the major resistance to this idea comes from the regulated industry itself. While there are many distinctions between the two types of carrier—notably in the number of actual and potential competitors—the mind-set is the same, and all too familiar. The industry has become accustomed to being regulated, fears the "chaos" that would allegedly result from deregulation, and while opposing the concept of excessive regulation generally—sees its own situation as "different."

High and Arbitrary

Abundant horror stories about the effects of trucking regulation suggest, however, that trucking is not so different, after all: circuitous and totally illogical routes that have to be taken because of ICC regulations, nitpicking rules about what can be carried by whom, "deadhead" (empty) backhauls, higher costs in regulated than non-regulated sectors, etc. All of which sounds a great deal like the airlines, and like other things the Feds have regulated.

Thus, a private carrier hauling widgets it has manufactured cannot bring back regulated goods on the return trip. A trucker with route authority between Indianapolis and Chicago and Chicago and Detroit would have to go via Chicago, rather than traveling directly. Rates are often arbitrary, as well as high (one study notes that it cost twice as much to ship picture-hanging nails as ordinary nails). Rate reductions have been denied by the ICC unless it can be shown that the lower rate would not be harmful to competitors.

The costs of all this are arguably immense. Professor Thomas G. Moore has estimated that rates for regulated trucking are 40 to 50 per cent higher than for non-regulated motor carriers. Other analysts have put the overcharge at 15 to 20 per cent. The Federal Energy Administration calculates that $300 million could be saved each year if empty backhauls by agricultural carriers could be reduced. A study of 1972 data suggests the cost to shippers of artificially high rates was $900 million annually—a figure which would be twice as high in today's inflated dollars.

As with the airlines, specific comparisons of regulated interstate trucking with unregulated intrastate traffic reveal much higher costs for the former. In 1978, for example, a Department of Transportation study found intrastate rates in New Jersey to be as much as 15.2 per cent below the level charged by interstate carriers over comparable distances.

Though there is plenty of evidence in this vein, the intensive battling of the trucking industry against deregulation has made substantial headway in the halls of Congress. Because there are so many truckers in so many parts of the nation, and because this time the businessmen are in league with the Teamsters, the industry is an effective lobbying force. It seems to be particularly effective with conservative Republicans, whose normally robust deregulatory sentiments are strangely muted on the trucking issue.

At the moment, the trucking debate is in confusion, with the most prevalent view being that perhaps we should "reform" the situation a bit without going all the way to deregulation. A sharp reduction of the federal presence in the trucking business, it is contended, would lead to such evils as too many truckers, too few truckers, higher prices gouging consumers, and lower prices driving people out of business. In response to these concerns, bills of various kinds are being circulated which suggest cosmetic changes and partial movement toward reform.

Despite the confusion, one thing is relatively clear: trucking is by its nature a competitive business, with thousands of suppliers, and doesn't lend itself to "public utility" arguments for regulation. Given this fact, the fans of regulation have yet to explain what it is about trucking that makes it so different from other elements of our society that it requires a full-time federal nanny. Conversely, they have yet to offer an argument for regulation of trucking that could not be applied to virtually any segment of our economy.

Apparently feeling he has few brownie points to lose with either the trucking companies or the Teamsters, Senator Kennedy is pushing ahead with the idea of trucking deregulation. Professor Friedman would agree, and so do I. □

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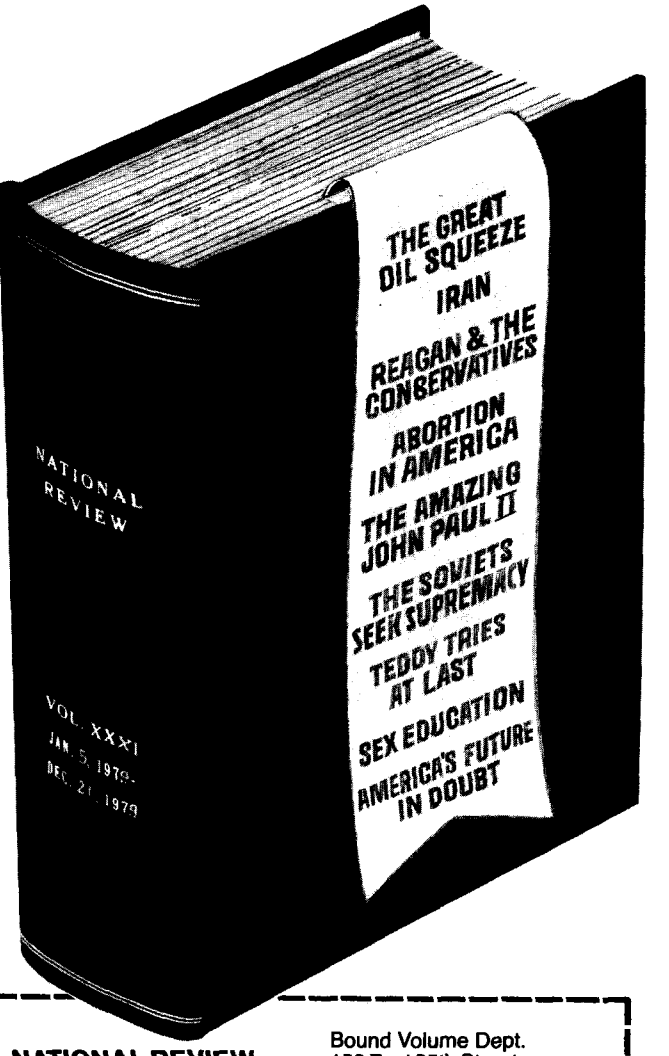

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Abroad

Madrid *NATO Maybe*

One result of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has been to strengthen the likelihood of Spanish membership in the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. This prospect, it is believed here, was raised seriously during Premier Adolfo Suarez's recent visit to Washington, even though Spanish government sources maintain there is no "urgency" involved. Spain and the United States developed an important level of military cooperation years ago with the establishment of American air bases in Spain. However, the United States might want to use them far more actively should hostilities break out in the Middle East. The use would be governed by the Hispano-American agreement of 1970, which says that "in case of a threat of outside attack against the security of the West," the two countries would immediately consult on measures to be taken. Formal adherence to NATO itself would greatly improve the Alliance's strategic and tactical position and would also bring all of Iberia—Portugal is already a NATO member—into its active planning dimension. But Spain would also like to keep its bridges to the Third World—and particularly to the Arab countries of the Mediterranean—clear and open. Some quarters here fear that full membership in NATO would undermine them.

Rome *Communist Split*

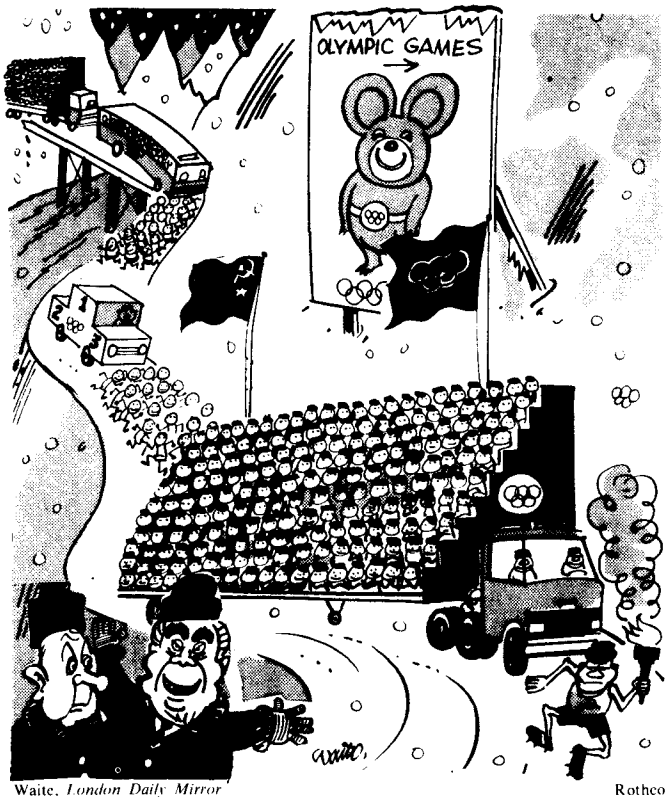
A major break between the French and Italian Communist parties, the two largest in the West, was formalized here recently at a glacial meeting between their respective leaders, George Marchais and Enrico Berlinguer, on the subject of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan. Marchais was on his way from Cuba to Moscow—where he faithfully parroted the Soviet line—when he stopped for a brief interview with his Italian counterpart. The Italian Communists had already denounced the imprisonment of the American hostages in Teheran, while the French had not. They followed it up by announcing that the invasion of Afghanistan was "more serious still" than the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia in 1968. Marchais, on the other hand, tossed off the Afghan invasion as "a simple link in the reinforcement of the revolutionary camp." The Italians were particularly angered by Marchais' contention that, for Communists, Europe had no autonomous mission in the world, nor any real identity apart from its relation to the Soviet Union.

London *Auto Dumps*

The once proud British automobile industry has sunk to the point where it is fast losing its own home market. Last year, for the first time since World War I, cars bought by the British public accounted for only 56 per cent of domestic sales, and the import bill for almost one million foreign cars was more than 2.5 billion pounds. The reason: low productivity, due largely to labor trouble as much as to a decline in competitiveness. Production was hampered by strikes of truck drivers and engineering workers, and by difficult readjustments due to the closing of redundant plants. British Leyland, for example, despite heavy government subsidies, saw its share of the market fall to under 20 per cent, only half of what it was a decade ago.

Paris *No Sunday Addiction*

The French, and the Parisians in particular, are resistant to the Sunday newspaper. If this were not a fact universally acknowledged, it has just been demonstrated once more by the collapse of two costly experiments, *Figaro-Dimanche* and *France-Soir-Dimanche*, Sunday versions of the well-known dailies, which were launched only a few months ago to capture what is apparently a mirage market. For years the French public had made do with a single Sunday paper, the slight, sports-and-scandal-laden *Journal du Dimanche*, to the continued surprise of the American tourists used to enormous Sunday papers. The new entrants in the French Sunday field were supposed to swamp the old warhorse. But the opposite happened. The *Journal du Dimanche* kept its 300,000 throughout the country, and the newcomers folded. A third Sunday paper-in-project, *Aurore-Dimanche*, was hastily taken off the drawing board by Robert Hersant, the French press tycoon whose idea the new Sunday venture was. One reason why the French have never developed the Sunday newspaper addiction is that most people get their papers by mail—morning deliveries come early in Paris, for example, and since there is no mail service on Sunday, newspaper reading means a trip to the café or the newsstand. The *Journal du Dimanche* readership represents the exact number of people willing to do that, apparently, and no more.



Waite, *London Daily Mirror* Rothco

"If they object to the Olympics in Moscow, I said, let's hold 'em in Kabul."

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TRUDEAU'S RETURN

The Leaders and the Litres

DONALD COXE

He's alive, and has been seen on the road to Ottawa.

Eight months after he lost a federal election, and two months after he renounced politics forever, Pierre Trudeau is about to win big. Compared with the six-year timing in Richard Nixon's recovery from a self-dug political sepulchre, Trudeau's resurrection is closer to the original model.

The polls have been showing a twenty-point lead for the Liberals over Joe Clark's desperate Tories. If that margin holds when Canadians go to the polls February 18, Trudeau will lead a majority government in the next Parliament, based on a clean sweep of Quebec, a large majority in Ontario, a narrow win in the Maritimes, and a modest pickup out West.

Pierre Non-Person

This stunning turnaround is not the result of a cataclysm or of revelation of corruption in the new government. Nor is it based on a dazzling election campaign evoking the "Trudeau-mania" of 1968, when the newly arrived Trudeau became the nation's darling overnight. Indeed, the current campaign is the most bizarre in history, and there is no evidence it is changing voters' attitudes. The election was won before it was called, and it was the evidence of a smashing Liberal win which triggered the sudden defeat of the Tories in Parliament. The campaign has been a modest mineral supplement to quicken the calcification of previous prejudices.

After 11 years in which he dominated national politics and aroused Rooseveltian love and hate, Trudeau is not a central factor in this campaign. Indeed, his party is trying to keep him either in the closet or under total domination by handlers. TV commercials for the Liberals speak only of Joe Clark and never mention the Trudeau name. His demotion to non-person would be understandable if he were a hated former leader, but he is the current candidate. For example, the *Toronto Star* is as unabashedly Liberal as any English language paper in Canada. Yet its correspondent covering Trudeau's first major speech in Toronto observed: "His voice was so low radio reporters feared they wouldn't pick up signs of life on their tape machines. In fact, he closely imitated Jack Nicholson after his lobotomy in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*."

It is as if Trudeau's political resurrection were some biologic event now *in transitu* and he could thus be expected to display the vagueness of Lazarus five minutes after the call came. The contrast to the Trudeau we came to know over 11 tumultuous years is startling, but would hardly be a winning metamorphosis were it not for the voter consensus on the capability of Joe Clark.

Joe Clark is so universally regarded as a klutz that even a zombie seems preferable. There was general concern during the last campaign that Clark was at most a lightweight, but the widespread hatred of Trudeau and Clark's stolid campaigning on the issues of spending restraint and controlling the power of the federal government gave him a narrow win, entirely based in English Canada. In Quebec, the Tories ran behind even the Rhinoceros Party in some ridings. (The Rhinos are a whimsical group who promised, *inter alia*, they would *not* make Margaret Trudeau Minister of External Affairs and would repeal the law of gravity to boost everyone's spirits.)

Plank across the Rump

One plank in the Tory platform swiftly became a two-by-four smartly across the Clark rump. In order to win votes for Tory leftwinger Ron Atkey in a heavily Jewish Toronto riding, Clark pledged to move Canada's embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem. Since such a move would legitimize Israel's claim to its war winnings, most nations, including the U.S., maintain their em-

Uluschak, *Edmonton Journal* Rotheo

"Just one more time, Pierre."

Mr. Coxe is NR*'s correspondent in Canada.*

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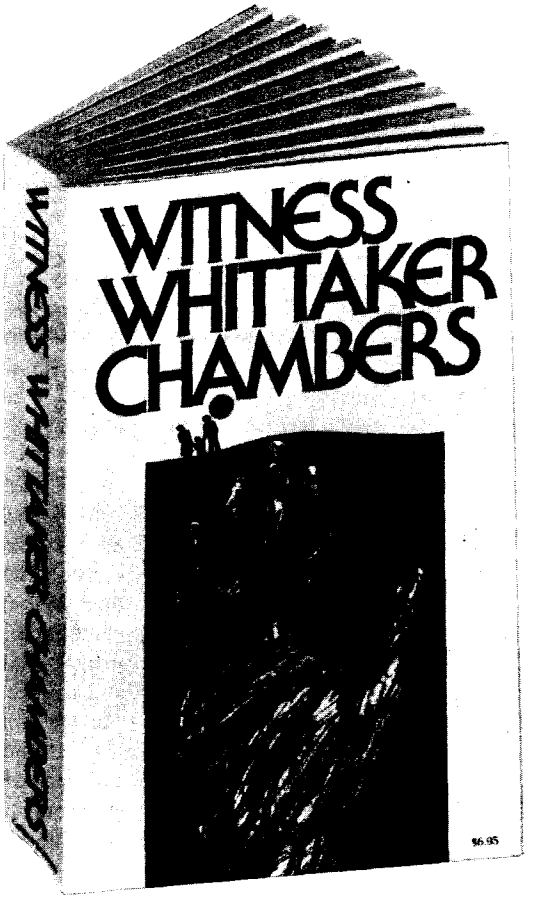

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bassies in Tel Aviv. Trudeau correctly pointed out during the campaign that such a move by Canada would destroy Canadian relations with the Arab world.

Atkey won as narrowly as did Clark nationally. Instead of forgetting about his promise, Clark put it at the head of his agenda the day after election. Immediately, lucrative Canadian contracts with Arab countries were canceled and other major pending deals were put in jeopardy.

At first, Clark hung tough, then appointed former Tory leader Robert Stanfield as a commission of one to investigate. Stanfield duly reported that the embassy should stay, and Clark backed down. Trivial blunder, perhaps? Not so, and it is now the factor most often cited as evidence of Clark's stupidity, naïvete, or tendency to flip-flop. The media maintained front-page coverage of the issue throughout, as the Liberals gleefully remind everyone in their TV commercials. It is understandable that New York City elections could be lost in Jerusalem, but preposterous for Canada.

Gaffes and Foul-ups

Clark might have offset the bad press on Israel had he displayed a dynamic, take-charge air after winning. Instead he dallied in his hometown for months of committee meetings and discussions with cronies, bureaucrats, and would-be cabinet ministers. Although the nation was prepared for at least a brief honeymoon, Clark chose non-consummation. He did not call Parliament for nearly five months after the election. Deprived of hard news, the media fastened on minor gaffes, foul-ups by novice ministers, and backstairs gossip, spiced with the heavy garlic of daily doses of Israeli embassy scuttlebutt. By the time Prime Minister Clark stood in Parliament for the first time, he had already sunk to a pitiful rating in national esteem. Only a year of brilliant, tough-minded rule could have saved his government.

That seemed possible on December 11 when the Tories finally brought down their surprisingly realistic budget. They knew no Canadian election had ever been fought during winter, which meant the Opposition would have to give them a few months' grace. Furthermore, the resignation of Trudeau meant that the Liberals would have to wait until a successor was picked by a convention, and that wouldn't occur until spring. But scarcely had gutsy Finance Minister John Crosbie finished his budget speech than the Liberals announced they were supporting a vote of non-confidence introduced by the socialist NDP. Although the Tories at first refused to believe it, their brief day in the sun had ended.

The stunning demise of the government occurred after a Gallup Poll showed the Liberals ahead by 19 points. That awesome lead was enough to make the Liberals face a winter election, even without a leader, and to make Trudeau reconsider his resignation. They could see the Tories' growing competence day by day in the House and knew that the voters would eventually learn that the overall strength of this administration was far above that of its predecessor. Trudeau had run a one-man show, forcing nearly all competent ministers to leave office. Despite Clark's media image of hapless bumbler, he had assembled a strong team and was becoming an effective Chairman of the Board.

The other stimulus for this Draculate dive at the Tory jugular was the budget centerpiece: a stiff increase in gasoline prices which would have raised Canadian prices sky-high—to about *one-third of world levels.*

Canadians consume more energy per capita than anyone on earth, and the government keeps it cheap through subsidies and a slowly thawing freeze on oil prices at the wellhead. When the Tories tried to get Canadians to face up to reality, they aroused resentment in every province except Alberta. (Even there, Clark's rating sagged, because Alberta Premier Lougheed is furious that Clark didn't raise prices further.)

'A Tax on the Poor'

Canadians now buy their gas on the metric system, and the typical price of a litre of regular gas—25¢, translates into 80¢ (U.S.) for an American gallon. Maintaining that price is a big factor in the horrendous federal deficit, now bleeding at the rate of 25 per cent of total spending (compared with 5 per cent in the U.S.). When Crosbie tried a slight tightening of the tourniquet, Canadians screamed that this was a tax on the poor, and the Liberals and NDP decided the time would never be better. Even as the December OPEC meeting was boosting oil prices worldwide by more than one-third, the Government of Canada was defeated for trying to raise Canada's prices by a few pennies per litre.

Although the campaign has been a non-event, two Asiatic developments gave the Tories a last minute boost. The first was President Carter's call for an Olympic boycott, which Joe Clark swiftly endorsed. Trudeau at first opposed the boycott, then reversed himself when polls showed support for Clark's stand. The second surprise was the rescue of the Americans in Teheran, a smoothly professional maneuver which suddenly made Clark look good. Trudeau had been bating Clark for his apparent ineptitude on the Iranian crisis. After the Americans were freed it was revealed that Trudeau, as a Privy Councillor, had known of the covert action all along. If voters show a British sense of fair play, Trudeau's huge lead will erode quickly.

Assuming Trudeau wins, will the next government behave as insanely as it is promising? The oil industry is booming now in Canada, but if election demagogy actually becomes public policy, it will not just mean a savaging in the prices of Canadian oil stocks. Last summer's drilling season produced what may be the two biggest oil discoveries in North America since the Alaskan discoveries a decade ago. These were made in the Hibernia well offshore Newfoundland and the Kopanoar well in the Beaufort Sea. The Hibernia well has geologists frantically rethinking their theories about offshore structures, and many now believe Newfoundland has more oil potential than Alberta. No longer is energy self-sufficiency an impossible dream: Canada could become a major exporter if the current pace of exploration continues, and the eventual payback justifies the gargantuan development costs in these hostile frontiers. A sensible Canadian energy policy is thus of importance to Americans as well.

The Tories richly deserved a short term in office, yet nothing became their reign like the leaving of it. At the end they looked as if they really were making a start on the ghastly problems accumulating after 11 years of self-indulgent Trudeau rule. Whether Trudeau learned anything from defeat and Opposition is at present unclear, because he is as elusive as Chloe. When this absent man with the determinedly absent mind retakes power, he may give us one last surprise: he may do the right thing. □

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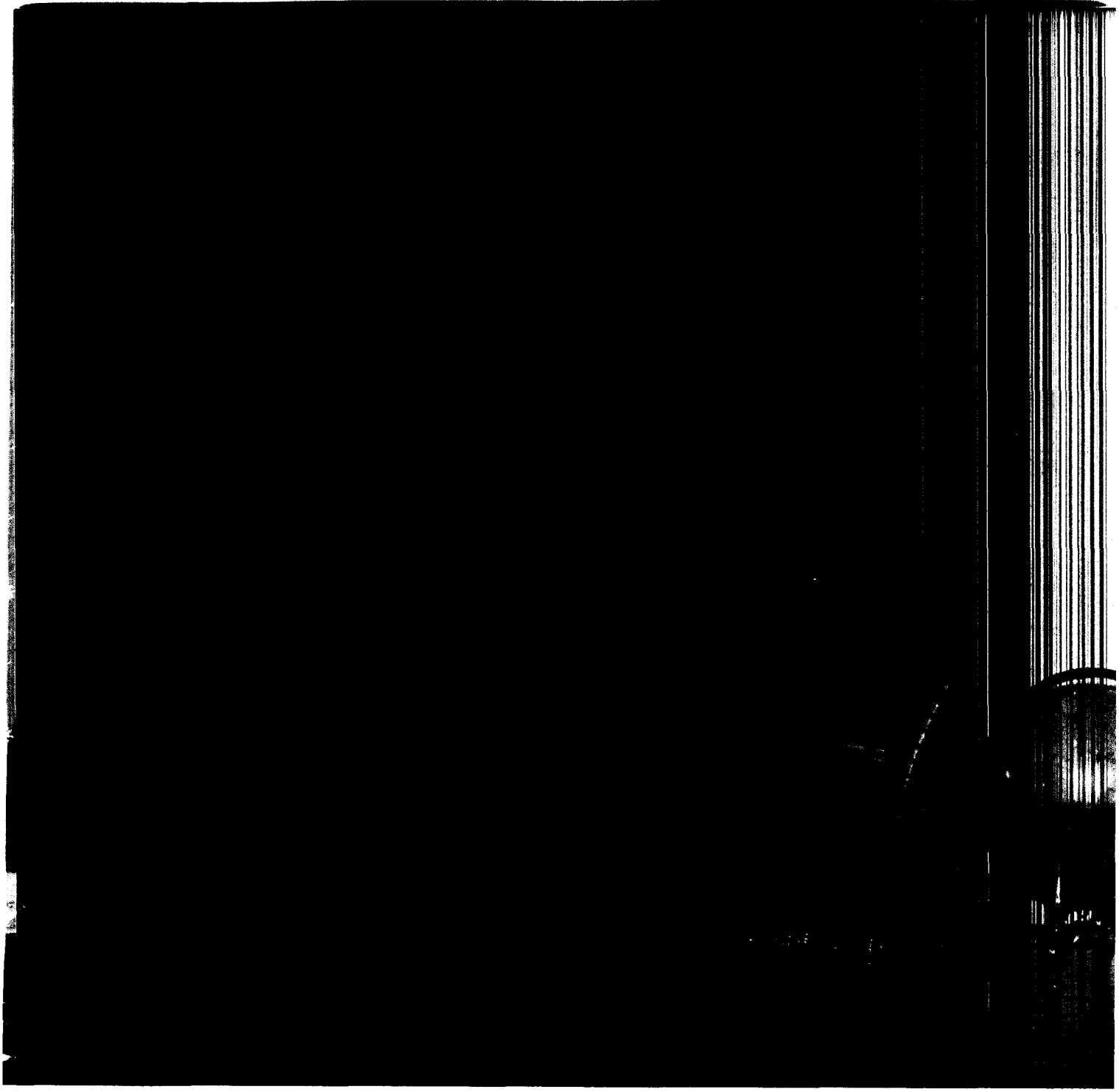

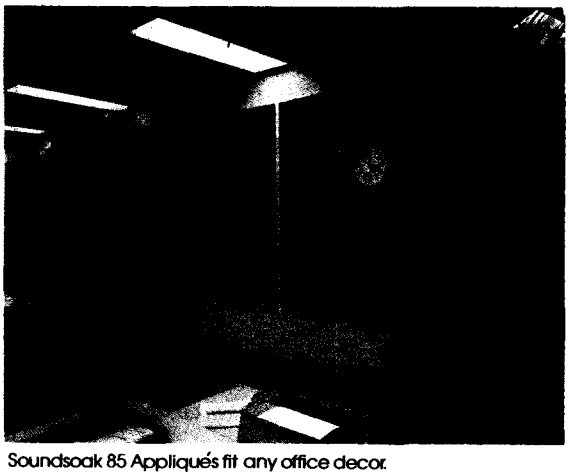

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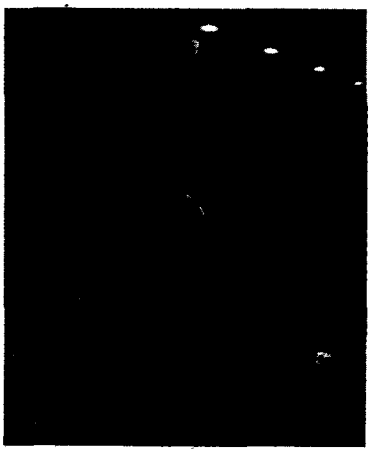

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Where's the Rest of Him?

RICHARD BROOKHISER

TWO DAYS after the Iowa caucuses, the press is waiting for Ronald Reagan in the Aloha Lounge at O'Hare airport, a room decorated with orange, yellow, and pink pineapples and volcanoes. Advance men have hung a red, white, and blue "Reagan 80" banner from the wall, and there are a number of good-looking men in three-piece suits with wires running out of their ears and bulges on their hips.

Reagan appears in a dark blue checked suit, a blue necktie, and shoes like mirrors. Whenever he speaks at press conferences, he places both hands on the lectern, and occasionally cocks his right foot and points a toe on the floor. This afternoon, he seems . . . *bleak* is too strong a word; *subdued* will do.

The press wants his thoughts on two battles, Afghanistan and Iowa. The invasion of Afghanistan, he says, represents "a new arrogance on the part of the Soviets. . . . It is time the U.S. takes a position. I've recommended bases in Oman and Somalia. I've recommended arms, possibly an American presence, in Pakistan. It's time to have a plan."

But the press is more interested in Des Moines than Herat. Reagan fields the questions, by turns gracious to enemies, protective of underlings, defensive of himself. "I'm quite sure George Bush succeeded in the strategy he aimed at. We knew he had a great organization" (all the bitter words Reagan has ever said about fellow Republicans could probably be inscribed on one of his three-by-five cards; over the next three days, Bush will be "George," or, at moments of exceptional stress, "George Bush"). No, Reagan has not lost faith in his planners. "If I did that, I'd lose faith in myself. We've been campaigning harder, working harder than some of you have been suggesting in your stories. These trips have been organizational—getting in to stimulate the local organizations. It gets pretty hairy."

Is Bush now the front-runner? "Why don't we wait and see the polls?" Do you regret not going into the Puerto Rican primary? "No." How do you expect to do in the Arkansas caucuses? "I don't know. I did pretty well in Arkansas in 1976, but they've gone back to guys in a room sitting down and picking" (he evidently suspects he might do badly).

An aide announces the press's thanks, and Reagan is off, through O'Hare in a brisk wedge of secret service men (heads turn, who's that? must be somebody famous), into a motorcade. The cars pull out from the black glass buildings, beneath the planes dropping in like bats, into a slate and orange colored sunset. Flat buildings, flatland—corporate headquarters, suburban ranch houses, ghosts of barns. State police cars with gumball machines flashing block every intersection as the motorcade passes. In 45 minutes, the cars come to the Pheasant Run Inn in St. Charles, Illinois—"The midwest's finest resort hotel."

Reagan is addressing a $50-a-plate fundraiser for Representative Tom Corcoran of Illinois' 15th District. He sits at a head table with Mr. and Mrs. Corcoran, the chief operating officer of Aurora Industries, and eleven Republican county chairman. While the waitresses pass around a Grand Old Party dessert—ice cream with strawberry sauce and American flag pins—the dinner chairman introduces Corcoran, Corcoran introduces Reagan (citing his "ability to articulate Republican principles of government"). Reagan returns the compliments, gives some GOP rah-rah, then goes into a full-length speech.

Critics complain of Reagan's one-liners and, relatedly, of his giving simplistic answers. The second charge is mostly spite; what the people who make it usually mean to say is that they don't like Reagan's particular answers, or the definiteness of any answer at all: a clock chime like "We must not negotiate from fear, but we must not fear to negotiate" soothes a certain type of mind in a way that a thumbnail program—"We bought it, we built it, and we're going to keep it"—can't. As for one-liners, Reagan is avoiding them tonight. If anything, the speech is pedagogic. He explains bracket creep. He asserts that the energy crisis is caused by government, not waste, and cites the 1978 fuel shortage in California caused by a reliance on the 1972 allocation system. He plugs the Kemp-Roth tax cut, and notes the salubrious effects of the tax cuts of Andrew Mellon (Jack Kemp clearly brought along a couple of copies of Jude Wanniski's *The Way the World Works* when he signed up with Reagan). He pins teenage unemployment to the minimum wage. He gives a post-mortem on Proposi-

This is the first in a series of profiles of the presidential candidates that will be done by Mr. Brookhiser, a senior editor of NR.

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tion 13: 100,000 fewer public employees, but 532,000 more private sector jobs. He lists his accomplishments in California: volunteer task forces formed, 16,000 recommendations implemented, $5.7 billion returned to taxpayers, bond rating up to Triple A.

And, as always, he ends with questions from the floor. *Iran:* "There isn't anything the Administration has done that they couldn't have done in the first 24 hours." *Windfall profits tax:* "It's not a windfall profits tax, it's an excise." He explains—the first explanation of the evening that was not utterly lucid—that domestic oil regulations subsidize OPEC imports; charges that the oil industry has been virtually nationalized. *ERA:* (posed by the sweet-voiced female editor of the St. Charles high school paper). He opposes ERA, but rattles off a list of statutes passed during his term as governor removing legal burdens on women in rape cases, in the management of savings accounts, in various other economic matters. He doesn't have his card on this subject, he confesses disarmingly, and apologizes for the list's incompleteness. "Thank you," the editor chirps, "and I want to say, women are doing just fine without ERA." A blunder: it's bad form to tip your hand so obviously when asking a friendly question. But Reagan smiles and retrieves it all: "Well, I could have saved all that talk." He makes a last pitch for Corcoran, then adds, almost as an afterthought, "I'll be honest—I'd like to be his neighbor in Washington." There is a brief standing ovation, and most of the audience crowd around to shake his hand. In the hall, Illinoians position themselves shyly to get a look at him.

Back to the cars, back to O'Hare.

THE HYATT REGENCY O'Hare gives a credible impersonation of a palace in a desert. Breakfast costs a fortune, a pianist supplies the muzak, and the ivy trailing neatly over the balconies on the interior courtyard gives it the appearance of a crew-cut hanging garden. If you have to spend the night at an airport, and you have $80, there's no place else to go.

Reagan comes down the main escalator next morning at 8:15. The TV cameramen come down before him, to set up ambush in the lobby and test their lights by flashing them into the eyes of innocent businessmen. Overnight the weather has gone from foul to vile, and Reagan's chartered 727 takes off late.

The sun comes out somewhere over Kentucky, and by the time Reagan lands in Florence, South Carolina, it's up to 45 degrees. South Carolina has the first Southern primary this year; Senator Thurmond and Governor Edwards have come out for Connally, and Reagan is showing the flag. The local advance people seem harried. A young lady hassles with a reporter in the Florence airport. "*What's* your name?" "Rowland Evans." "Where you from?" "Never mind."

Reagan begins this press conference with a statement:

> Having reviewed Mr. Carter's State of the Union address last evening, I must today speak out strongly on the crisis in Iran and Afghanistan. Mr. Carter terms the Afghan crisis 'the most serious threat to world peace since the Second World War,' yet he is willing to accept the Soviet presence in Afghanistan with a vague threat that if further aggression transpires in the Persian Gulf we may do something. I wonder how the Pakistanis feel about American resolve when they have, in effect, been excluded from the protection of even this vague threat of American action. And how seriously will the Soviet Union treat Mr. Carter's threat . . . when it is accompanied by his voluntary pledge to observe unilaterally SALT I and SALT II. . . .
>
> It is time for him to make our resolve clear in terms that are specific.

He reads it shakily, pausing in mid-sentence and bobbling words (he has never been able to talk from a manuscript; in 1937, he almost washed out of his first movie at the preliminary script reading, and all his major speeches are delivered from note cards). The baritone voice also

Phil Crane, Reagan notes, has been saying he is Reagan, only twenty years younger; "That's too bad," Reagan adds, "because twenty years ago I was a New Deal Democrat."

sounds about half an octave lower—perhaps a touch of sore throat coming on.

The press wades in and Reagan perks up. What specific things would *you* do? He has already made suggestions, he answers—bases in Oman and Somalia, and an American "presence" in Pakistan. What about draft registration? Reagan cites his long opposition to a peace time draft, and calls registration a "meaningless gesture. It doesn't make us more able to respond." America needs instead a "strong active military reserve," built up by "promotion, incentive, and appeal to patriotism." Which does Reagan think Carter is—deceitful or a fool? "I wish I could say he was a fool."

But Reagan has not come to talk in airports. There's a crowd at Francis Marion College, and they've been waiting an hour and a half. The auditorium of the science building seats two or three hundred, and people are lining the walls. Many of the faces in the audience belongs to students, and they're clean and shiny as milk (Southern girls may not be any prettier than their sisters elsewhere, but they work a lot harder at it). The arrival of the press creates a stir—is Reagan far behind? Suddenly, the clarinetist, drummer, and pianist cut short the light swing and polkas with which they've been nibbling at the boredom and start "California, Here I Come." The crowd stops gossiping and springs up, some stand on their chairs, yelling, clapping, flapping hand-made signs. Reagan smiles, and waves relaxedly. A young man in a premature three-piece suit presents him with a Francis Marion jacket. Bobby Richardson, "pride of the Yankees, noted Christian layman," and co-chairman of the Reagan for President Committee in South Carolina, waves from a chair on the stage. Patrick Brian, state commissioner of agriculture—there to offset Edwards and Thurmond—introduces Reagan as "a great American, a man of high moral character, and a great friend of mine."

Reagan apologizes for the rasp in his voice, blames it on the LA smog, and goes into his speech. He still gives two-minute treatises on the oil industry and inflation, but there are more applause lines this afternoon, and questions

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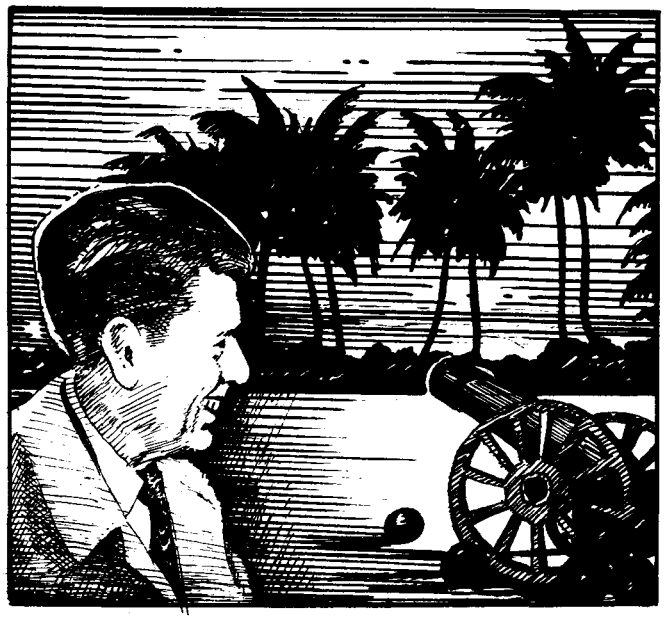

come sooner. He laughingly concedes that, yes, "George" did well in Iowa. He calls for getting rid of inheritance taxes that strike against "the small business, the family farm" (applause). He supports balanced budgets as well as Kemp-Roth—"balancing the budget is like protecting your virtue—you have to say No" (applause, students included). He works the questions so that he can slip chunks of his speech into the answers, concludes by observing that the real immorality of the Vietnam War was "sending 50,000 American boys to die in a war we didn't have the courage to win" (tremendous applause), spoils the effect by talking past the line, but it was still a good job, his best so far.

At VFW Post 3181, off the main road in the pine trees, the cars are backed up to the highway. This is a rally of Reagan workers, over a hundred of them, milling in an all-purpose room—rowdy men, some young people, some ladies, middle aged and up, four blacks, two of them aged (what electoral storms they have weathered!). Reagan makes a semi-circle through them, clambers up on a small stage, receives a toy bear from the student body president of a local college, and starts again. He warms up with a bit of history: during the Greco-Turkish war after World War I, the USS Arizona docked in embattled Constantinople, where, every morning, a sailor with a flag, a Marine with a mailbag, and a Marine with a rifle would march to the American legation and back, untouched, unmolested; "we can have that kind of America again," he assures them. Carter, says a man in a plaid work jacket and a green shirt, has been talking a lot about poor people; what do you say? "We Republicans have to show people we're not the party of big business and the country-club set. We're the party of main street, the small town, the city neighborhood; the shopkeeper, the farmer, the cop on the beat, the blue-collar and the white-collar worker. Now, a word we hear a lot is compassion. If someone is genuinely helpless of course we should be compassionate, and Americans are the most compassionate people on earth. But what about the man who gets up every morning, gets his kids off to school, goes to work, pays his bills, supports his church and charity, and pays his taxes? We have some compassion for them." Question about I-ran. "The policies of the Administration," says Reagan, "made Iran possible." Cheers of A-men. The entourage wants to leave; the candidate wants to take two more questions. SALT II? "Ship that thing back to the Soviets in Moscow." Do you believe in God (asked by the younger of the black men)? "If I didn't think I could turn to God for help, I wouldn't be running for this office." Reagan workers stand at the door as the crowd leaves, holding buckets for contibutions.

No buckets will be needed to collect contributions at the next stop, only envelopes. The 727 sails from Florence to Miami for a $250-a-person party in the Tropic Room at the Intercontinental Hotel. It's freezing in Miami, maybe 65 degrees, and a number of the bare female arms and shoulders take refuge under furs. Some of their contributions this evening will undoubtedly go to defray the cost of the violinist and the accordianist, the carvers in chefs' hats at the side tables, and the ice sculpture of an angelfish. The press find themselves cordoned off from this magnificence behind a velveteen rope, but some kindly bare arm passes in a tray of sandwiches which the reporters surround like goldfish diving after breadballs.

Reagan acknowledges the cost of the affair—"If we don't win, that's gonna be a regular price for a drink"—and goes immediately into questions. Tell us you *are* saying the same things you said in 1964, a woman asks him. "It wasn't exactly a question," Reagan observes. Are you moderating your views, someone else pursues. "The hell I am." What about Social Security? The system is now several trillion dollars out of actuarial balance, he says; he would appoint a task force to suggest reforms. A Cuban wants to know about Cuban freedom. We have to "get back to the Monroe Doctrine that there are no foreign colonies in this hemisphere." Age? Phil Crane, Reagan notes, has been saying he is Reagan, only twenty years younger; "That's too bad," Reagan adds, "because twenty years ago I was a New Deal Democrat." (Reagan, be it noted, refers to Crane only as "another candidate." Let no Republican's name be coupled, even in jest, with "New Deal," though the heavens fall.)

Hands clap, furs leave, and outside the silver moon slides to the zenith.

Reagan slightly misled his Miami audience. Twenty years ago his conversion was already complete.

RONALD WILSON REAGAN was born February 6, 1911, the second of two sons, in Tampico, Illinois. He remembers (as people born in a thousand other such towns remember) a park, a Civil War cannon, stacked cannonballs. Before he was nine, the family had moved to Chicago, to Galesburg, to Monmouth, back to Tampico, and finally to Dixon. The Rock River runs through the middle of Dixon, and when Reagan turned 15 he began spending his summers there as a lifeguard at Lowell Park. He recalls saving over seventy people, though the only gratuity he ever earned was $10 for retrieving an upper plate.

John Edward (Jack) Reagan, Ronald's father, made a slender income from shoes—clerking them, selling them. He was an Irish Catholic and a confirmed Democrat, Northern style: he forbade his sons to see *Birth of a Nation* because it was sympathetic to the Ku Klux Klan. He was also an alcoholic. Nelle Reagan (née Wilson) bore with her husband's periodic benders, acquiesced in his politics, and devoutly attended the Christian Church. Neither of the Reagans had gone beyond grade school, but they enjoyed

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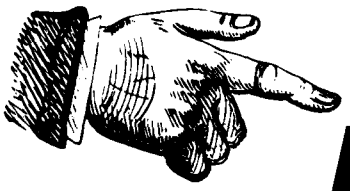

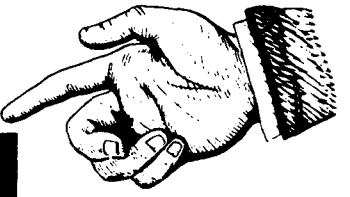

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help!!!!

There Was an Old Woman

There was an old woman
Lived under a hill;
And because of red tape,
She lives there still.

GEORGE CLOWES

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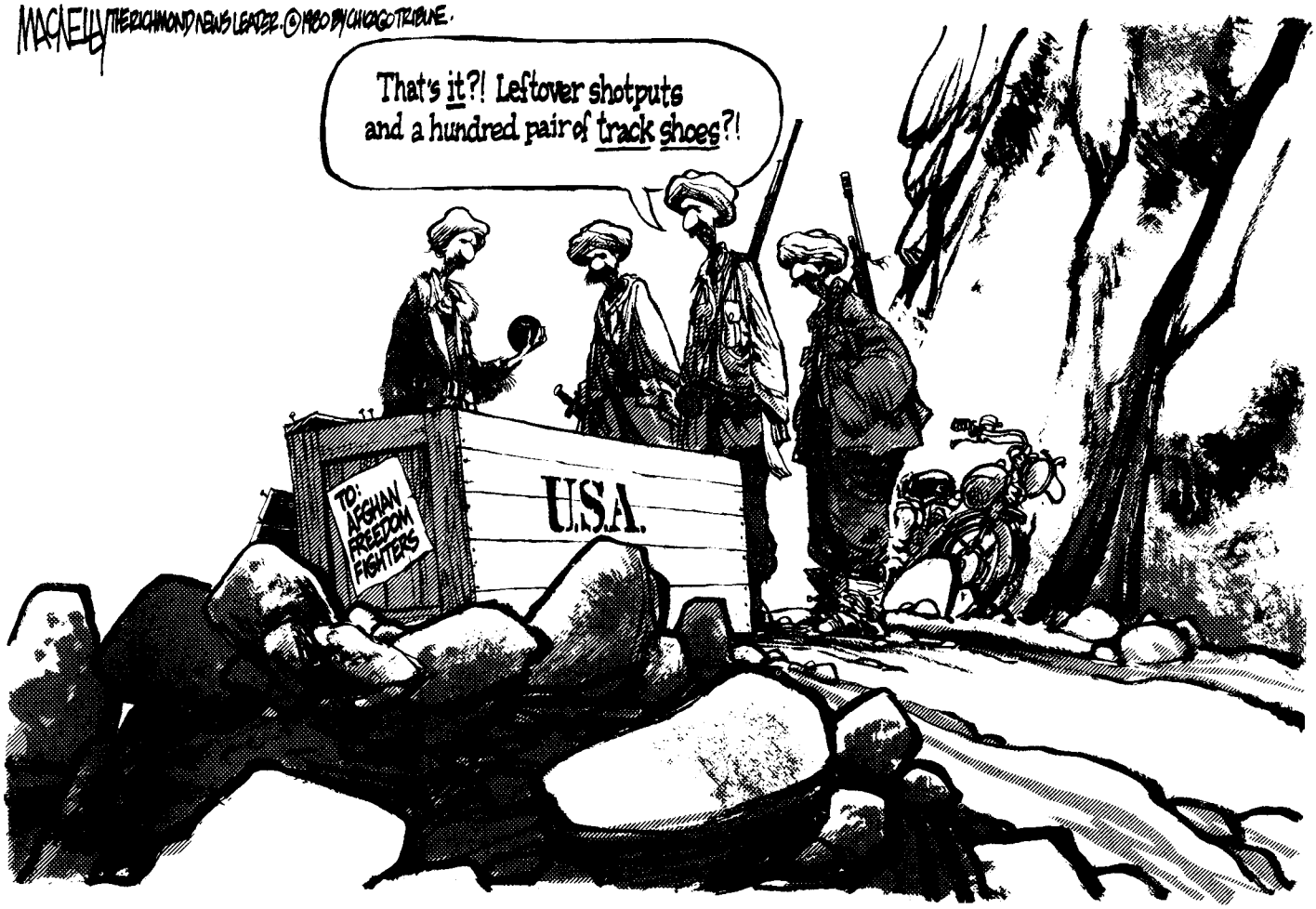
MACNELLY THE RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. © 1980 BY CHICAGO TRIBUNE.
That's it?! Leftover shotputs and a hundred pair of track shoes?!
TO: AFGHAN FREEDOM FIGHTERS
U.S.A.

Poor Bert Lance

Diddle diddle dumpling, poor Bert Lance,
Went to work on budgets and grants;
He lost his job and he lost his pants,
Diddle diddle dumpling, poor Bert Lance.

GEORGE CLOWES

ON THIS SPOT JAN 10, 1980 MISS LINDA STONWITZ, KINDERGARTEN TEACHER, WAS GLUED TO THE WALL WITH ART PASTE AFTER ANNOUNCING TERMINATION OF THE MILK AND COOKIES BREAK DUE TO INFLATION

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books, and Nelle led the dramatic readings in the local ladies' societies.

In 1928, Reagan entered Eureka College, a small, Christian, coed school twenty miles south of Dixon. Eureka gave him a scholarship for half his tuition, and a job washing dishes in the girls' dormitory to cover his board. Reagan gave Eureka three years, starting at right guard on the football team. He also lettered in swimming and track, and joined the dramatic society. In his junior year, Eureka entered the Eva La Gallienne Competition for one-act plays sponsored by Northwestern University. Eureka's production of *Aria da Capo* took a second, and Reagan was one of six actors singled out for a good performance.

He didn't act again for five years after leaving Eureka. "Broadway and Hollywood," he has said, "were as inaccessible as outer space," and he went to Davenport, Iowa instead, broadcasting the games of the Chicago Cubs for Station WHO. His break came in 1937, when he went with

While filming Night unto Night, *he got a call on the set threatening that he would be "fixed" so that he would never act again. The police issued him a .32 Smith & Wesson and put a guard on his house*

the Cubs to spring training on Catalina Island. A former colleague at WHO, living in California, recommended a screen test with Warner Brothers (provided he took off his glasses—Reagan has been badly nearsighted all his life). Warner took him, at $200 a week.

There followed 51 movies, some still leading a flickering TV afterlife in the small hours of the morning. His best-known role was George Gipp (whence "Gipper," as in *Let's win this one for the*), but his best was Drake McHugh, a small-town playboy in *King's Row* whose legs were amputated by a vengeful doctor. Reagan had to wake up, discover his mutilated body, and cry, "Where's the rest of me?" For the rest, he played engaging characters who sometimes did, sometimes didn't, get the girl ("Reagan for governor?" Jack Warner is supposed to have asked in 1966. "No. Jimmy Stewart for governor, Ronnie for best friend.")

More important, Hollywood gave Reagan his first push toward conservatism. Reagan had inherited his father's Democratic loyalties, and added an idealistic, liberal overlay of his own: after World War II, he joined the ADA, the United World Federalists, and the American Veterans Committee. He was also, however, elected president of the Screen Actors Guild, from which position he observed Communist tactics firsthand.

From 1945 to 1947, Hollywood suffered a crippling series of strikes. The question at issue was ostensibly jurisdictional: should stagehands be organized by the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees (IATSE), or by a variety of craft unions? In fact, the craft unions were being egged on by Communist organizers. "The Communist Party in Hollywood," concluded a committee of the California Senate in 1959, "wanted control over everything on wheels. . . . They moved Communist units into those unions having jurisdiction over carpenters, painters, musicians, grips, and electricians. To control those trade unions was to control the motion picture industry." The AFL soon disavowed the craft unionists, but their strikes persisted. Cars were trashed, strikers rioted in front of Warner, IATSE members were mugged, their houses bombed. Wages totaling about $28 million went down the drain. Some of the ugliness washed over Reagan, who, as president of the actors' union, had been trying to mediate. While filming *Night unto Night*, he got a call on the set threatening that he would be "fixed" so that he would never act again. The police issued him a .32 Smith & Wesson, and put a guard on his house.

REAGAN'S CONVERSION continued, more subtly, during his next career. In 1954, with decent movie offers becoming increasingly scarce, he accepted an offer to host a television anthology sponsored by General Electric. The deal also included speaking tours to GE plants as part of the company's employee- and community-relations program. Reagan began by talking mostly about Hollywood, but the GE audiences wanted to hear more, and he found himself developing opinions on other subjects.

The final influence on Reagan's ideas was his wife Nancy.* Reagan met Nancy Davis in 1951 on Guild business, and married her a year later. Nancy had gone to Girls Latin School in Chicago, and to Smith, and had been introduced to conservative opinions by her father. Her political instincts still come in handy; some reporters claim she recommended the TV blitz that won the North Carolina primary for Reagan in 1976.

In the Sixties, Reagan began putting his ideas to work politically. He campaigned for Richard Nixon in 1960, and switched his registration from Democrat to Republican two years later. He taped a television appeal for Barry Goldwater in 1964 which nearly failed to run. Reagan had to call Goldwater at the last minute and assure him that it was not extreme; and the Goldwater campaign grossed $600,000 in contributions.

The rest of Reagan's political career can be found in Teddy White. Reagan challenged Pat Brown for the governorship of California in 1966. Brown, in a famous enthymeme, noted that both Reagan and John Wilkes Booth had been actors; Reagan buried him by nearly a million votes, and proceeded, contrary to certain fears (and hopes) neither to destroy the state university system, nor to sell the streets. Reagan raised taxes to balance the state budget, but returned several billion dollars in rebates and left Pat's son, Jerry, with the surplus which now takes up the slack of Proposition 1, a proposal to limit the percentage of income the state may take in taxes, now being pushed on the national level by the Tax Limitation Committee. Reagan entered the 1968 presidential contest too late to do anything more than exert a rightward pressure on Nixon. He supported the President loyally in 1972, and bolted against his successor in 1976.

*Reagan was married from 1940 to 1948 to one of his first leading ladies, Jane Wyman. They had two of his four children, but Reagan will say little else about the marriage; he speaks of his divorce, in his autobiography, almost as something that happened to him.

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Since his whisker-thin loss in that campaign, Reagan has moved with the deliberation of a battleship. Citizens for Reagan became Citizens for the Republic; the money left over from the presidential bid went into hundreds of Republican coffers in 1978. Reagan wrote a column, taped a radio show, and earned several hundred thousand dollars from speaking engagements. Reagan's 1980 game plan, as it developed, was grand and simple: to woo the Party's "moderates"; to generate a *force majeur*; to become the heir apparent. Critics would be ignored; challengers would simply wear themselves out. The strategy worked like the clockwork it resembled: IOUs accumulated; Reagan led in every conceivable poll; brushfires in California (an attempt to break the state's unit rule) and Florida (an early straw poll organized by the Crane camp) were extinguished. Until Iowa . . .

A correspondent lured campaign strategist John Sears from his crossword puzzle between South Carolina and Miami long enough to ask him what happened. Sear's explanation sounded ingenious. We had expected, he said, a large caucus vote—say, 50,000 people. Instead, we got twice that number—a small primary vote. The two, Sears went on, are qualitatively different. If you expect a primary-type turnout, you invest in certain things which caucuses do not warrant—direct mail, television spots. Bush invested: Reagan didn't. Therefore, Bush won.

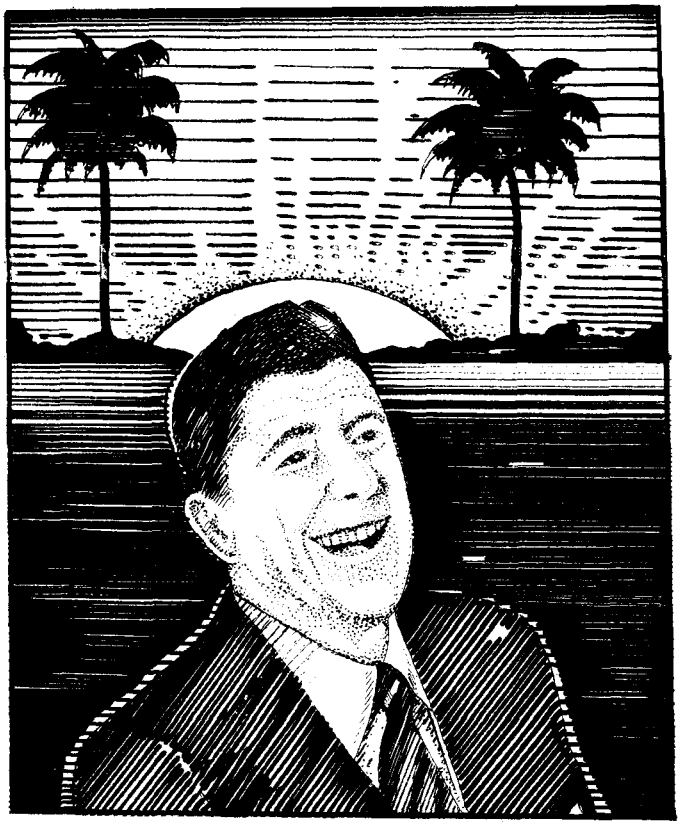
Will the strategy change? No, Reagan had answered back in the Aloha Lounge; there is no need, Sears added now. There are still 35 primaries to go. They will use in New Hampshire all the days they had kept open in the schedule; but "it doesn't seem to be a matter of doing more than that."

Conservatives have spent many man-hours debating whether John Sears is a demon. It seems to be a futile exercise. Reagan retains him because he agrees with him. The campaign will go on, largely as it has been going—largely, though not exactly: for now it will be urgent. Losing Iowa, instead of winning by a few percentage points, may be one of the best things that happened to the Reagan campaign so far.

REAGAN LEAVES Miami the morning after the fund-raiser and lands in a drizzly New Orleans. He is addressing the Southern Republican Leadership Conference in the starched and frosted Fairmont hotel. This is the big event of the trip; Connally has rented a riverboat for the weekend, and Crane will also be present later. Reagan has a new speech for the occasion, concentrating heavily on foreign policy.

His reaction to applause is unusual; the words that come to mind are "gosh" and "shucks." He grins, raises his eyebrows almost in surprise. His wave suggests thanks and embarrassment; he nods deferentially. He ends with the trope he used in 1976, the challenge that America be as a "shining city on a hill," "city on a hill" courtesy of John Winthrop, "shining" courtesy of Ronald Reagan.

He gives the speech again that night in Stem Hall in St. Paul Minnesota. There are storm warnings in Minessota; Connally finished only 11 percentage points back in a straw poll of the state central committee, and Bush claims rashly that he will get a majority of the delegates (he *will* clean up in the Twin Cities, where his strength is concentrated). So



while Reagan reads the entrails at the Minnesota Club, the rally falls behind schedule, and Rick Teske, the warm-up speaker, labors earnestly to fill the gap. "A political speech with jokes and homilies wouldn't seem quite right" in this time of crisis, he says, so he cites Milton Friedman, the ancient Greeks, and poor Santayana on history instead. The audience, for its part, applauds only for Reagan. The weather bureau is predicting a high of zero, and these people are wearing scarves, tweeds, wool shirts, fur and felt hats (as well as plastic boaters with Reagan bumperstickers pasted on them). It's a rural-looking crowd; some have come from Wisconsin, and Mr. and Mrs. Buddy Jensen have driven one hundred miles from upstate. Three clarinets, eight brass, and two laconic men behind a bass and snare drum await Reagan's entrance. Teske finishes, and they play "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," two, four, six times. The crowd looks puzzled. Finally, he comes; the band gives it another shot, balloons fall and float up again to the ceiling, people wave their boaters.

It has been Reagan's strength, more important even than his industriousness in the service of fellow Republicans, that he can deliver a speech as convincingly to a crowd like this as he did to the crowd in New Orleans. Reagan believes his "party of main street" talk, and proves he believes it by acting on it. Republicans, a minority party for thirty years, desperately need that kind of an infusion. Nevertheless, if Reagan does badly in New Hampshire, and loses South Carolina and Florida, all that and seven hundred dollars will get you an ounce of gold.

He finishes with the Winthrop-Reagan collaboration; the band plays "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the campaign boards the plane for Los Angeles. □

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UNITED NATIONS WATCH

Crisis on the East River

NICHOLAS KING

THE ERUPTION of the Iran and Afghan crises—or the Iranian-Afghan crisis, for they are one—over the past month created a glow of history around the United Nations. That it was a false dawn does not go quite without saying. For wherever there is an outbreak of major trouble in the world, there is always a speck, a hair, an atom of a chance that men and peoples that count will contrive to use the UN for some fruitful end.

President Carter was clearly determined in this case to squeeze the UN dry of every such chance. So the United States went to the Security Council with a resolution urging the release of the hostages and an ultimatum to Teheran. It sent Secretary General Waldheim on a reluctant and fruitless mission to the Ayatollah Khomeini. It went back to the Security Council, but this time with Afghanistan, and, after a Soviet veto, to the General Assembly, where no veto is possible, to override the Soviets. It went back to the Security Council yet again, when the Iranian ultimatum deadline expired, with a call for sanctions. After another Soviet veto it asked all those countries which, had supported sanctions to impose them anyway.

Everything the UN had to offer was tried and exhausted. The result was no more than a pack of cards, as Alice, invoked in exasperation by U.S. Ambassador Donald McHenry after the final veto, would at once have discerned. The cards, lying on the floor in disarray, may look reproachfully at the Russians; but they are not, for all that, less than the debris of a game.

What is interesting about the United Nations is the unrelenting belief it continues to inspire when things look black. This is not due simply to the support of the Third World, whose eyes and ears, or rather lungs, it continues to be. The United States for example genuinely believes in it when the occasion demands. Secretaries of state and assistant secretaries of state, their deputies and their briefcase men, along with Washington correspondents, all brows and manners heavy, turn up in the UN corridors every time there is an international impasse of reasonable proportions. Their hopes are foredoomed, and still they come.

It must be said that the UN people understand their own resources thoroughly. Nothing is ever quite over; one of those cards lying on the floor can always be picked up. Mr. Waldheim is still touting a plan to exchange the hostages for a UN-sponsored tribunal to arraign the Shah. As they say in diplomatic circles, such an idea cannot absolutely be ruled out, and there you are.

The UN's Afghan-Iranian assizes did provide some classic panoramas. Lights burned all night in the little world of glass on First Avenue. Papers flowed into the cascade of press racks. The loudspeakers droned almost ceaselessly in the UN's crisp and soporific brand of English. In the staging area outside the Security Council doors, recently redecorated in the Aspen style, groups of newsmen with hand mikes and tape recorders darted like minnows after celebrities. On weekends, officials streamed into the conclaves (known as consultations) in country-connoting tweed jackets and turtlenecks, to indicate how brutally duty had wrested them from their leisure.

Dickinson, *Punch* Rothco

"Hope this is over soon—I'm down to win the women's hammer-throwing in the Olympics."

"Ambassador Troyanovsky, many people say the Soviet Union is a threat to world peace. Is that true?" The Kuwaiti delegate, young and suave, stepped from an inner lounge and was likewise besieged. He is an excellent talker and figures frequently as that "responsible Middle Eastern diplomat" one recognizes in the news columns. The Secretary General appeared for a moment at the top of a small flight of steps still looking worn from the effort of escaping from a Teheran mob. "Will this meeting, Mr. Secretary General, be mainly procedural or mainly substantive?"

IT IS TRUE that the United States has won a psychological victory in the Afghan-Iranian struggle by persuading the Third World to condemn the Soviet Union, especially in the General Assembly, teeming with 152 national delegations. But psychological victories can be won anywhere. Are they all the UN can offer an angry and frightened world comity?

Well, yes. But perhaps we have come to expect far too much from the United Nations when it is seized with a crisis. Perhaps, too, there has been too much focus on the slow collapse of the UN's prestige as an effective instrument in the world, effective, at least, as to palpable results. We have judged it altogether too big.

It might be easier if people started comparing it to a government-in-exile—bustling, luxurious, intensely parochial, but still essentially a force from some other place and existing in some time other than the present. And just as such a government has a projection of supporters somewhere in an otherwise hostile unknown, so the United Nations must have somewhere a clandestine network of listeners, even if they never say anything or make the least stir. □

Mr. King, a former UPI correspondent, has served as press attaché of the U.S. Mission to the UN.

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RIGHT FACE

NR's European Cousins

THOMAS MOLNAR

At a meeting of conservative intellectuals in September 1963 in Rome, I argued the need for autonomous cultural organs on the Right—magazines, publishing houses, radio stations, international prizes—activities, in other words, that would go beyond mere reaction to leftist intellectual lucubrations. My colleagues in the American delegation John Dos Passos, William Buckley, Willi Schlamm, and Henry Regnery—approved of the idea. After all, *NR* and *Modern Age* already existed in America, and *Zeitbühne* must by then have been a gleam in Schlamm's eye.

The Right was then slowly emerging from its postwar slumber. The next 15 years were to witness its increasing assertiveness in both the United States and Western Europe, although it has taken notably different forms on opposite sides of the Atlantic. In America the interest in politics, science, and economics has overshadowed conservative cultural work. Too often, literature, art, religion, and history have been treated like stepchildren, with honorable exceptions like the *Chronicles of Culture*, based in Rockford Ill., and the excellent but apparently now defunct *New American Review*, based in Crawford, N.J. In Europe, the situation is reversed: politics play a subsidiary role, and conservatives (as they are called in Germany, Switzerland, and Scandinavia) and the Right (its name in Latin countries) have demonstrated their competence in literature and the arts, as well as in moral philosophy and religious thought.

During these 15 years journals have been founded and international conventions organized. Their diversity and independence from party politics have allowed them to probe questions and discuss issues which are too often stereotyped. They won an audience of sophisticated readers who felt they were coming out of a period of enforced cultural hibernation. I will try to impart the ambience of a half-dozen of these periodicals, with no particular attention to geographical or chronological order.

Criticon began publication in 1970 as the 14-page one-man enterprise of Caspar von Schrenck-Notzing in Bavaria. Belittled at the outset by the Left-liberal press ("politically amateurish," "nostalgic," "reactionary"), *Criticon*, now a 54-page bi-monthly magazine, is perhaps the brightest star in the firmament of conservative publications: fully international in scope and flavor, it acquaints the reader with vast numbers of like-minded publications and associations everywhere from Brazil to Sweden to Greece; it is at once sarcastic and highly cultured, profound and pamphleteering; it brings to its German readers news of Bryn Mawr's ISI and also prints materials such as the Mohler-Molnar debate on nominalists and nationalists.

Right or Repentant

Each issue of the magazine carries an *Autorenporträt* of an outstanding thinker on the Right or a repentant thinker on the Left—de Maistre, Disraeli, Eliade, Djilas. It is a (*the?*) forum of the "conservative international," and as such is regularly attacked by the East German media. Schrenck-Notzing is a quiet man, and *Criticon* is the fruit of long meditation on the postwar plight of conservatism. He brings to his growing number of projects absolute intellectual respectability and courage. He participates every October in the Frankfurt book fair, publishing for it an issue specially designed to attract readers and publishers. He now has a publishing house, which has recently brought out a work on American conservatism by Swedish authors.

Itineraries, a monthly, is also a one-man enterprise, headed by Jean Madiran in Paris. Each issue contains some two hundred pages. Since the late 1950s this austere-looking Catholic magazine has defended orthodoxy against progressive bishops, against "Maritain" Catholics—even against certain pronouncements from Rome.

While *Criticon*'s headquarters are in a lovely mansion with a surrounding park on the shores of the Ammersee, *Itineraires*' editor-in-chief sits in a dusty cubicle near the church of St. Sulpice, where he receives his contributors—Gustave Thibon, Marcel de Corte, and others from as far afield as North and South America. Under the new Pope, *Itineraires* should gain more influence, since it once unmasked the collaborationist Polish Catholic intellectuals of the Pax movement and their French front organization.

Machiavellian Craft

European publishing houses frequently launch magazines to add to their prestige, diversify their interests, and discover new talents. The Volpe House in Rome has several such outlets, among them the eight- or ten-year-old review *Intervento*. Its authors are always among the speakers at the Volpe Foundation's three-day congresses, which are held in a sumptuous Renaissance palace, in the hall where the Tribunal of the Inquisition used to deliberate. Forbidding shadows—but a lively magazine, with an unmistakable thrust. It explores the continuity between traditional political concepts and modern anti-liberalism and anti-Marxism. Every issue of the magazine—for example, an entire issue on military regimes—is put together with Machiavellian craft. It may contain pieces by a Russian dissident, an English Tory, a revisionist historian of Italian Fascism, an American academic. The masthead is imposingly international—a trademark of neoconservatives in Europe, and very much in contrast with the introverted nationalism of pre-war conservatives.

Contrepoint is also a late-Sixties product, one of many new periodicals that grew out of the unrest of 1968: a fusion of the old, erudite, carefully styled essay and the new, impressionistic/interpretive approach: analytical in its historical interpretations, with emphasis on the so-

Mr. Molnar's most recent book is Christian Humanism.

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cial and human sciences, but investigating also the meta-language, the mythical, the phenomenology of religion.

The magazine (modern also in format: king-size pages, wide margins, bold type) benefited in its early days from the versatile mind of Raymond Aron; thus, it could be devastatingly anti-Communist without opening itself up to easy counterattacks. It is also eminently liberal, yet with a deep historical understanding of other regimes and other forms of thought. *Contrepoint* was for years the most prestigious new magazine in Europe; established authors wanted to figure in its pages, new ones strove mightily to break in. Aron's departure has changed the tone somewhat. The review is more radically *right* now—which in European intellectual language, so puzzling to Americans, means also more comprehensive of the Left.

Counterrevolutionary

Verbo is published in Madrid. Its moving spirit is J. Vallet de Goytisolo, a Catalan public notary. (Public notaries play a great part in the law, politics, and culture of Latin countries.) The review owes modified allegiance to a French-based Catholic social-doctrine organization (called by its enemies a Christian freemasonry), which is particularly influential in Hispanic countries. It avoids any clerical coloration and seeks to penetrate the professional and managerial classes. This explains some of *Verbo*'s titles: "Marx's Legal Order," "Beyond Socialism," "The Family's Lines of Defense," "Democracy in Education." Of all the periodicals mentioned in this article, *Verbo*'s position is the most enviable, since its objectives coincide with the general tenor of the public mentality in Spain and in Argentina, where there is a smaller *Verbo*. Thus, it recruits readers from all walks of life: politics, the military, the legal profession, teaching, industry, and the Church. It can afford the luxury of articulating what many think and believe; it does not have to swim against the current. In short, it is a counterrevolutionary organ and does not hide the fact.

William Schlamm's *Zeitbühne* has had a very different history, paralleling that of its editor (who died just about two years ago). With the launching of his magazine in 1972, Schlamm turned three dreams into reality: 1) to show Bill Buckley that, having resigned from NATIONAL REVIEW early on, he was able to start a magazine of his own where no one would contest his authority; 2) to show the Germans and Austrians that he was the man to carry on where Karl Kraus had left off and continue the fight against the corruption of liberal culture; and 3) to work in association with Otto von Habsburg, who, as Schlamm phrased it, used to be his emperor and had now become his fellow editor.

The *Zeitbühne* was neither Bill Buckley nor Archduke Otto; it was "WSS." Biting, violent, sarcastic, provoking, aggressive—every page that he himself wrote was pure Schlamm, and he carried his collaborators along the same path. This monthly, in its unattractive *feldgrau* color, was right-wing opposition incarnate. It fought Freudians (as Kraus had done), socialists, morally corrupt liberals, timid Christian Democrats, babes-in-the-woods American foreign-policy-makers. In a less hedonistic, *nouveau-riche* society than present-day Germany/Austria, *Zeitbühne* would have been more than a torch—it would have been dynamite. But this great little magazine was condemned to use its fist against cotton.

La Pensée Catholique was a forceful voice until the death of Pius XII in 1958; then followed twenty years of bare survival, although its quality never fell off. Every page of it was carefully studied in the Rome of Pius XII; and perhaps it has been since, but no longer with a friendly eye. Its editor, the Abbé Luc Lefevre, close to eighty, is a prodigious individual, proving every day how foolish early-retirement rules are. I can listen to him for hours in his tiny office behind the French Academy, as he conjures up the circle of Maritain, the Action Française, Laval's office under German occupation, the intrigues of the French Embassy in Rome, the conversations of Pius XII.

Compulsory Reading

La Pensée Catholique is truly an institution. It has been fighting, back to wall, for the last two decades (it was the first Catholic magazine to attack Teilhard de Chardin.) But tomorrow it could become compulsory reading again in the Vatican, perhaps even among French bishops! Luc Lefevre's hearty support of Monsignor Lefebvre is no secret, but the articles in *La Pensée* cover many other topics: Newman and Nietzsche, utopian thought, priests in Dachau, the state of the university, the humanity of Jesus. There are theology, philosophy, and doctrinal debate—but also discussions of contemporary developments, the new philsophers, the theater of Jean Anouilh, the ravages of "sensitivity training." Behind all this, the Abbé's *soutane*-clad figure, his baritone voice, and inexhaustible stories.

This is a far from complete overview of outstanding magazines of the new European Right, yet it may give the American reader a notion of what is going on on the other side of the ocean.

The following features stand out: 1) these publications are taking a vast cultural approach showing that, not the Right, but the Left is locked up in a ghetto; 2) the cultural battleground in Europe cuts across religious lines; hence the role of Catholic magazines side by side with the secular press; 3) a much less pronounced commitment (if any) to liberal capitalist democracy than in the United States—and more attention to nationalism with elements of socialist (corporative) thought. No question that the differences from mainstream American conservatism are significant; but that is diversity for you. □

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Pious Socialists

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

JOHN CORT, a jovial and wholly attractive man who has long written on labor and other questions for *The Commonweal*, is now editing a mimeographed newsletter called *Religious Socialism*. He has attracted to its pages Harvey Cox, Rosemary Reuther, Peter Steinfels, and others who desire a socialist state. Yet an odd thing has happened to socialism since World War II, and not only among religious socialists. Socialism used to stand for a hard-headed economic alternative: the nationalization of industries, the relative quality of wages, even the banishment of money. It is now described by its followers mainly as a moral vision; and its stress is not upon economics but upon politics.

Not long ago, for example, Mr. Steinfels attributed to *Dissent* magazine, with its 6,000 subscribers, the awakening of extraordinary excitement on the part of American intellectuals. Since there are some thirty thousand members in the American Academy of Religion, more than 600,000 college professors, at least as many journalists, and considerably larger numbers of government officials concerned with doing the public good. *Dissent* would not seem to have knocked the world of intellect dead. But what is more striking in the Steinfels review is his description of the socialism currently espoused in the magazine's pages.

Dissent treats the idea of socialism "as problematic rather than as a fixed piety." Its writers "do not believe in economic determinism or historical inevitability. The egalitarianism is quite real but by no means 'leveling.' They do not favor a centralized, state-controlled economy. They regard money and markets as instruments that a socialist economy could deploy better than a capitalist one." Yet the reader will not find in *Twenty-Five Years of Dissent* "what might be expected from a socialist journal: an extended study of an industry or economic policy." Economics hardly interests our contemporary socialists.

We are also assured that "Michael Harrington means what he says about democratic planning, worker representation, decentralized social enterprises, cooperatives, public control over private investment decisions, and other measures. . . ." Most of these proposals are cant. Who, for example, will exercise "public control over private enterprises," and what is the track record of public control? "Democratic planning" is a contradiction in terms; how well can Congress plan?

The most remarkable fact about "democratic socialism," then, is that it has abandoned its faith in the economics of socialism, preferring rather to utter pieties about morality and politics. The most lively intellects of the period are, as Mr. Steinfels admits in his own book, the "neoconservatives," nearly all of whom are fallen-away socialists.

Mr. Steinfels sees backsliding from democracy and popular participation. The facts are otherwise. Most of the defectors from democratic socialism defect because of the lack of public accountability and public participation in statist programs. They observe the corruptions of public power, the defeats of popular will. It is not the socialists who have the votes.

Indeed, Michael Harrington invented the name "neoconservatives" in an exercise of Leninist labeling, intending to excommunicate former socialists from any standing on the Left. But most of the so-labeled neoconservatives think of themselves as liberals; and most resent being called neoconservatives. Ironically, however, the media's perception of a rising tide of conservatism has given a prominence to the neoconservatives based more on the name Harrington gave them than on their own positions. This terminological point is not as significant, however, as the conceptual one.

These new heretics of the Left are busy nailing up theses on socialist doors. They are applying to socialism the same sort of skepticism, pragmatic tests, and ideological unmasking they have long applied to the Right. Whereas, for example, the pious socialist continues to think that anything "public" is selfless, generous, and beneficent, the heretics observe the petty tyrannies, financial abuses, and outright lies that characterize the public sector. Whereas the pious believe that socialism encourages "community," the heretics observe the ways in which socialism institutionalizes envy and breeds pervasive cynicism and hostility. Whereas the pious believe that "profits" are the source of every social ill, the heretics observe that any economic system not simply spinning its wheels must earn more than it puts in; socialist systems depend on "surplus value," too, but distribute far less of it to individuals for their own democratic discretionary use.

IN BRIEF, socialism is less and less an economic theory. What remains is nostalgia for the pre-modern world, a nostalgia masked by naming it a hope for the future. Socialists pine for a primitive form of community, abhor the aesthetics of industrialization, and wish to restore that imagined lost paradise in which peasants were not yet "alienated" by modernization. Many religious personalities, modernist in all else, are drawn to pre-modern economics.

For more than a hundred years there was at least some excuse for socialist piety; the dream existed only in books, and had not yet been tried. Perspicacious and pessimistic analysts saw its conceptual inadequacies instantly. (These include naïve views of state power, of bureaucratic corruption, and of human psychology.) But more idealistic souls demanded experiments. Few could argue, or did argue, that the Soviet experiment from 1917 until 1936 was a betrayal of Marx; Marxist orthodoxy reigned. But since World War II, more than fifty nations have put socialisms of many varieties to the test. Evidence assaults the cold eye.

Certain sorts of piety are immune to empirical tests. American socialists, including the religious socialists, prefer piety to empiricism. □

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The Neo-Nazi Olympics

Capitol Issues

NEAL B. FREEMAN

THE POLITICAL memory is notoriously convenient, and nowhere more so than in this town of professional front-runners. To believe the dinner-party chatter here is to believe that Richard Nixon was shut out in 1968. *Nobody* voted for him. Detente, we have learned only in recent weeks, has been the object of universal skepticism these many years. And we now understand that the SALT II treaty, despite wildly inaccurate press reports to the contrary, never commanded a single firm, publicly identifiable vote in the U.S. Senate. All quite remarkable. The phenomenon runs so far that we find it difficult to locate anybody who opposed an Olympic boycott . . . in 1936.

A Moscow Preview

In defiance of what we gather was the opposition of right-thinking men everywhere, those 1936 games did go off as scheduled—the summer games in Berlin and the winter games in Garmisch-Partenkirchen, it being the custom in those days for a single nation to host both halves of the Olympiad. As they say, it was the first time in modern Olympic history that the games were held in a totalitarian environment, and the experience was rich with historical lessons. The best summary of those lessons can be found in Richard Mandell's toughminded book *The Nazi Olympics.* Written in 1971, before the games were awarded to Moscow, Mandell's book offers a number of resonant passages.

1. *". . . much of the success of the 1936 Olympics was due to the pursuit by the National Socialists of supremacy in mass pageantry. Hitler's success as a whole is inconceivable without the application of the contrived festivity that enveloped Nazism from beginning to end."* Change a date here and a word there and you have a preview of the Moscow "games."

2. *"After the first day of the Berlin Olympics, American track and field athletes, many of the best of whom were Negroes, made a haul of medals. The Nazi leaders were fiercely embarrassed. They scrambled to devise some sort of scoring system that could hide the size of the American lead. One candidate would have discarded all medals won by Negroes, whom the Nazis considered subhumans. Then, as the days went on, Germans, in events ranging from gymnastics to marksmanship and yachting, won more gold, silver, and bronze medals than the athletes from any other nation, thus emerging victorious."* Moscow may be different in one conspicuous respect, in that the Soviets consider all peoples subhuman regardless of race, color, or creed, but in major ways it will be identical. The Soviets in their methodical way have completed their scrambling and have devised a scoring system that will properly reflect socialist glory. Take basketball, for instance. The American squad, 12 strong and dominated by blacks, will be favored to win the gold medal. Their accomplishment, great as it is, will be dwarfed statistically by a single Soviet gymnast who because of "medal inflation" will be favored to win as many as a half-dozen golds. Or take weightlifting. The Soviets and their socialist brethren have proved to be especially proficient at pumping iron, a sport in which, perhaps not coincidentally, pharmacological assistance can be of decisive value. So exhilarating have been the triumphs of Soviet sportsmen that Eastern officials have demanded more of them. Responsive as always to socialist logic, international Olympic officials have obliged by slicing the weight classes more finely, with the result that Moscow will award 33 medals in weightlifting, up from a total of 21 at the 1952 games. Under the current scoring system, then, weightlifting is 11 times more important than basketball. Only reactionary elements would contend otherwise, of course.

3. *"The hundreds of foreign journalists, businessmen, and diplomats invited to the 1936 Games had their judgment skewed (a predictable consequence of festivity) by what they experienced there. Even as the thousands of athletes struggled before hundreds of onlookers and happy millions more reveled in the massed parades, flapping banners, and staged solemnities, there was ample evidence that the masters of Germany had charted that nation on a collision course. In August of 1936 Hitler was meddling purposefully in the Spanish revolution and becoming more ambitious in his plans for Austria and Czechoslovakia. The generous congratulations he and his lieutenants received for their Olympic successes were both emboldening to them and deceiving to their opponents."* For the press, a Soviet Olympiad will be a two-week tour of the Potemkin village; for the businessmen, a tempting opportunity; for the diplomats, a distraction from unpleasant geopolitical realities. For the Soviets, if their success proves to be "emboldening," it would carry only the force of redundancy.

4. *". . . all the athletes who competed at Garmisch-Partenkirchen and at Berlin were made to feel that they were the corporeal manifestation of intellectual and political forces let loose to compete in other spheres later in that troubled decade."* One's heart aches for the American athletes, many of whom honestly believe that the world of sports is wholly separate from the world of politics. One day they will see clearly and painfully that Moscow's interest in the games is *exclusively* political.

Soviet Gold

5. *"The world drew lessons from the Berlin Olympics . . . Athletes from totalitarian nations performed best of all."* Form charts suggest that the Soviet Union will finish first at Moscow, with East Germany a close second. Cuba will lead the Third World.

6. *". . . the end result was tragic, because the new Germans were almost universally viewed as not only powerful and stable, but respectable as well."* Respectability for an illegitimate regime—the greatest triumph of all.

For the moment, try to forget Vietnam and Angola and Ethiopia and the Yemens and even Afghanistan. Was there *ever* an argument in support of the Moscow games? Should we *ever* participate in an Olympiad run by totalitarians? □

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The Ultimate Tax Shelter

by
TED NICHOLAS

Tax experts are now referring to a small, privately owned corporation as "The Ultimate Tax Shelter." This is especially true with the passage of the recent Revenue Act. This law makes most former tax shelters either obsolete, or of little advantage. Investments affected include real estate, oil and gas drilling, cattle feeding, movies, etc. These former tax shelters have lost their attractiveness. Aside from that, these tax shelters required a large investment. Only a small segment of the population could benefit from them.

I've written a book showing how you can form your own corporation. I've taken all the mystery out of it. Thousands of people have already used the system for incorporation described in the book. I'll describe how you may obtain it without risk and with a valuable free bonus.

A corporation can be formed by anyone at surprisingly low cost. And the government encourages people to incorporate, which is a little known fact. The government has recognized the important role of small business in our country. Through favorable legislation incorporating a small business, hobby, or sideline is perfectly legal and ethical. There are numerous tax laws favorable to corporate owners. Some of them are remarkable in this age of ever-increasing taxation. Everyone of us needs all the tax shelter we can get!

Here are just a few of the advantages of having my book on incorporating. You can limit your personal liability. All that is at stake is the money you have invested. This amount can be zero to a few hundred or even a few thousand dollars. Your home, furniture, car, savings, or other possessions are not at risk. You can raise capital and still keep control of your business. You can put aside up to 25% of your income tax free. If you desire, you may wish to set up a non-profit corporation or operate a corporation anonymously. You will save from $300 to $1,000 simply by using the handy tear-out forms included in the book. All the things you need: certificate of incorporation, minutes, by-laws, etc., including complete instructions.

There are still other advantages. Your own corporation enables you to more easily maintain continuity and facilitate transfer of ownership. Tax free fringe benefits can be arranged. You can set up your health and life insurance and other programs for you and your family wherein they are tax deductible. Another very important option available to you through incorporation is a medical reimbursement plan (MRP). Under an MRP, all medical, dental, pharmaceutical expenses for you and your family can become tax deductible to the corporation. An unincorporated person must exclude the first 3% of family's medical expenses from a personal tax return. For an individual earning $20,000 the first $600 are not deductible.

Retirement plans, and pension and profit-sharing arrangements can be set up for you with far greater benefits than those available to self-employed individuals.

A word of caution. Incorporating may not be for you right now. However, my book will help you decide whether or not a corporation is for you now or in the future. I review all the advantages and disadvantages in depth. This choice is yours after learning all the options. If you do decide to incorporate, it can be done by mail quickly and within 48 hours. You never have to leave the privacy of your home.

I'll also reveal to you some startling facts. Why lawyers often charge substantial fees for incorporating when often they prefer not to, and why two-thirds of the New York and American Stock Exchange companies incorporate in Delaware.

You may wonder how others have successfully used the book. Not only a small unincorporated business, but enjoyable hobbies, part time businesses, and even existing jobs have been set up as full-fledged corporations. You don't have to have a big business going to benefit. In fact, not many people realize some very important facts. There are 30,000 new businesses formed in the U.S. each and every month. 98% of them are small businesses; often just one individual working from home.

To gain all the advantages of incorporating, it doesn't matter where you live, your age, race or sex. All that counts is your ideas. If you are looking for some new ideas, I believe my book will stimulate you in that area. I do know many small businessmen, housewives, hobbyists, engineers, and lawyers who have acted on the suggestions in my book. A woman who was my former secretary is incorporated. She is now grossing over $30,000 working from her home by providing a secretarial service to me and other local businesses. She works her own hours and has all the corporate advantages.

I briefly mentioned that you can start with no capital whatsoever. I know it can be done, since I have formed 18 companies of my own, and I began each one of them with nothing. Beginning at age 22, I incorporated my first company which was a candy manufacturing concern. Without credit or experience, I raised $96,000. From that starting point grew a chain of 30 stores. I'm proud of the fact that at age 29 I was selected by a group of businessmen as one of the outstanding businessmen in the nation. As a result of this award, I received an invitation to personally meet with the President of the United States.

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To Die in Deseret

The Executioner's Song
By Norman Mailer
Little, Brown, 1,056 pp., $16.95

HUGH KENNER

Do not be misled by the *fanfaronnerie* of Norman Mailer, who is the most style-conscious, the most *literary*, of living novelists. Storytelling, he perceives, is a performance; a "style" defines a storyteller's role; the use of precursors is that they have perfected roles you can learn to assume.

So for *The Naked and the Dead* he played Hemingway, for *The Deer Park* Scott Fitzgerald; for the "Aquarius" books, surprisingly, Henry Adams, as I'm indebted to a recent acquaintance for pointing out (it was Adams who discovered the ironic uses of writing about oneself, bemusedly, in the third person). And for *The Executioner's Song* he's made a brilliant adaptation of that wayward forgotten master Sherwood Anderson, who contrived a prose in which to tell of lonely people doing things they have no way of thinking about.

Nicole was 17 when she found out she was pregnant again. The moment Kip heard he was so happy for himself, and so happy for both of them. They were going to have a baby he kept saying. She felt disgusted. She didn't want to spend the rest of her life with this guy.

These are Anderson sentences, uncomplicated and never transcending the focal character's vocabulary. (And note the precision of the dropped comma after "baby.") They are here arrayed in an invention of Mailer's, a unit of attention which he sets off on the page between white spaces. It is normally of paragraph length but sometimes longer, and it registers as much experience as the person in question can take in at one fix. When you jump the space to the next unit you're in a different frame. Not connecting, that's how these people get through life. Not stupid people: by no means, but they're unsustained.

Out here where we read $16.95 books, life flows, the blood circulates, the earth turns, and a narrative continuity keeps us turning all these pages, beset as we turn them by the sometimes nearly implacable desire to just linger, to stay within the confines of a framed perception.

Campbell said, "Well, that can't be all of your motive for wanting to die, Gary, just responsibility?" Gary answered, "No, I'll be honest with you. I've been in eighteen years and I'm not about to do another twenty. Rather than live in this hole, I'd choose to be dead."

Gary Mark Gilmore knew why he made that choice, or said he knew. Another time he said,

"Hey, . . . they're figuring to give me the death penalty, but I have an answer for them. I'm going to check into the State of Utah's hole card. I'm going to make them do it. Then we'll see if they have as many guts as I do."

The fascination of Gilmore (he knows it) is that he seems to be in possession of undivulged connections. If he doesn't know why two men died nobody does (no question *how* they died: he shot them). He has, or lets it be perceived that he has, something everyone else wants, a coherent story. Like the bars of his cell, Mailer's little discontinuities make him flicker like a dog running behind a picket fence. Discontinuity paragraph by paragraph, as in the adjacent frames of a film, is crucial to this presentation of a subject we never quite see entire.

Mailer has contrived larger discontinuities. The paragraphs are grouped into numbered Sections, the Sections into Parts, the Parts, seven and seven, into two Books, "Western Voices," "Eastern Voices." The prime disjunction of the work is between the East, the ground of literacy, fluent talk, and the West, the aphasic ground of just doing, doing.

As they drove, he kept staring at the road ahead. Once he looked up and said, "Do you normally do that—just drive around?"

"Yes, I do," Lu Ann told him, "it relaxes me."

West/East: it's a powerful structural myth, enforcing the gulf between Gilmore and his exploiters (whom he also

David Evanier *is a novelist and critic residing in New York. . . .* **Hugh Kenner**'*s most recent book is* Joyce's Voices. *. . .* **Selden Rodman** *is a prolific poet, critic, and historian, and a close student of black primitive art.*

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exploited). Continuity is a rhetorician's myth, hence Eastern. It affirms that Cause flows into Effect, that for Deeds there can be adduced Reasons, that there is always something here we can sit down and discuss. A current keeper of its grail has been David Susskind, who was close to buying a piece of the Gilmore action before the rights got messy. He had planned an enlightened Statement on capital punishment.

The whole second half of *The Executioner's Song*, "Eastern Voices," is about statements and positions, about impresarios and interviews and the intricate finessing of the rights. Gilmore on Death Row resisting the lawyers who resisted his death was worth a lot, and he knew it, and he wasn't the only one who knew it. The Eastern Voices sang money and deals.

GILMORE wouldn't live to spend the money, but he'd control the action all the time it was flowing in. That was what he lived on, those last weeks, control. Strapped to the death chair he was still in control.

They shook hands and Gary started to squeeze his hand, right there in the chair as if he could crush Vern's knuckles. He said to Vern, "Come on, I'll give you a go," and Vern said, "Gary, I could pull you right out of that chair if I wanted to."

Gary said, "Would you?"

Although it contains strong scenes "Eastern Voices" is not the book's stronger half, in part because its manipulators aren't ultimately interesting, in part because its narrative surrounds an uncommented void. For somehow—how?—the upshot of all those deals is the book in your hands, the top-drawer book Gary Gilmore would have wanted. (He was concerned about who would play him in the movie, and when there was banter about a Gary Gilmore T-shirt for Execution Day, "so they could auction it off, bullet holes and all," and his alarmed kid brother asked "Are you really planning to sell it?", "Do you think," said Gary, "that I have no more class than that?")

Larry Schiller, a wheeler-dealer who ended up in command of all the strings, got Gary's book written by Norman (Aquarius) Mailer, which is indeed Class. The untold story is how Mailer came into the picture, and what happened to the writer Schiller kept on the scene for weeks, the superbly talented journalist Barry Farrell. Mailer's is the bigger name? Yes, I'm afraid that's it. And Farrell ends up a supporting player in a "novel" we don't learn how Mailer came to write. It's a grave aesthetic flaw, all that frantic maneuver toward a climax that's left tacit.

One more problem: what were Schiller and Farrell after? The big deal, in the last weeks of Gilmore's life, was the *Playboy* interview, which ran to 25,000 words and got a piece of *Playboy* fiction pulled when it was 10,000 words over contract, because "Nothing else we could run," said an editor, "is as important as going all the way with this." He also said he'd be "scared to cut a word."

An existential statement, that was what it was meant to be, a wrapup of the ultimate Why. On hours of tape, questions were phrased and rephrased and spawned further questions. A sexual block? A stern mother? An absent father? Someone who beat him in childhood? After 1 A.M. on execution morning it was still going on:

Schiller took his last crack at the question they still could not get Gilmore to respond to. "I believe you had rough breaks," said Schiller. "You got into trouble, and had a temper and were impatient, but you weren't a killer. Something happened. Something turned you into a man who could kill Jensen and Bushnell, some feeling or emotion or event."

Explanation, the Eastern myth. And, "There's a side of me that I don't like," replied Gilmore. Still, he knew what kind of thing they wanted and began spinning a final yarn: which got interrupted.

THE SECRET is very likely that there was no secret. All that's to be said is that now and then, under stress, Gary Gilmore simply killed. That we can explain such matters, which means, express them in terms of something we already know, is a delusion, one of our cheaper delusions. Amid all the hype, which to his great credit he keeps chiefly at bay, I suspect that Norman Mailer knows this: the truth that is written in all his thousands of margin-to-margin white spaces, that we are not entitled to give names to what we do not know, and that the heart of man is very often desperately wicked.

He skinned Gilmore right up over his shoulders, like taking a shirt half off, and with a saw cut right up the breastbone to the throat, and removed the breastplate and set it in a big, open sink with running water. Then, he took out what was left of Gilmore's heart. Jerry Scott couldn't believe what he saw. The thing was pulverized. Not even half left. Jerry didn't recognize it as the heart. Had to ask the doctor. "Excuse me," he said, "is that it?" The doctor said, "Yup." □

Problems and Other Stories
By John Updike
Knopf, 260 pp., $10

WEARING DOWN

DAVID EVANIER

Here is John Updike's sixth book of stories, and his first book after the majestic *The Coup*. At least five out of the 23 stories rivet: "Transaction," "The Egg Race," "Separating," "The Faint," "Daughter, Last Glimpses Of." But Updike can be portentous and pretentious in his short-shorts, which, while dealing summarily with the same subjects as his full-bodied stories (separation, divorce, grieved children, living alone, middle age), are built upon arty structures and laced with significant quotes: Plato, Augustine, or Harvey C. Markman's pamphlet "Fossil Mammals," published by the Denver Museum of Natural History. The title story includes this in its three and a half pages:

> The price of peastone is $13 a cubic yard. A truckload consists of 3¼ cubic yards. C's driveway is 8'6" wide and describes an ellipse of which the foci are two old croquet stakes 31 yards apart. A line perpendicular to a . . .

Such are the efforts involved in breaking new ground (or driveway) in the story form.

Keep in mind that Updike is a wonderful writer. In "The Faint," dilettante, bachelor, and shady developer-around-Boston Freddy Python comes home:

> At the end of a date, however fraught, he would skillfully sail his Porsche through the bright morass of Park Square and the erratic rapids of Charles

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RANDOM NOTES

■ More February Titles: Charles W. Akers's *Abigail Adams: An American Woman* (Little, Brown, $9.95) contributes a volume to the literature accumulating about a lady who has lately shown signs of becoming a folk hero of sorts to the women's movement. . . . Lois W. Banner's *Elizabeth Cady Stanton: A Radical for Women's Rights* (Little, Brown, $9.95) is a scholarly biography of a familiar, and rather dismal, old plug.

Burroughs Mitchell, who worked with Maxwell Perkins at Scribner's and had under his care such authors as C. P. Snow, John Hall Wheelock, and W. A. Swanberg, has written a memoir called *The Education of an Editor* (Doubleday, $8.95). . . . George V. Higgins's latest novel of the urban Irish, *Kennedy for the Defense* (Knopf, $9.95), is getting pleasant notices.

■ Some March Titles: Malcolm Cowley, whose every book has proved that going along to get along is even more important in literary than in corporate America, further elucidates his strategy in *The Dream of the Golden Mountains: Remembering the 1930s* (Viking, $14.95). . . . Edith A. Folger, in *Runnin' Down Some Lines: The Language and Culture of Black Teenagers* (Harvard, $15), has written a book about ghettospeak, "the subset of the black English lexicon that includes nonstandard, unconventional, and socially proscribed words and phrases," in which Negro teenagers communicate. . . . *Crosscurrents: Children, Families, & Religion* (Clarkson N. Potter, $10.95), by Evelyn Kaye, is a study of the tensions generated by interfaith marriages. . . . André Glucksmann, one of the band of anti-Marxist "nouveaux philosophes" in France, tackles Marx, Nietzsche, Hegel, and Fichte in *The Master Thinkers* (Harper & Row, $12.95). He accuses them of having rolled together German mythology, state-worship, and a romantic notion of freedom and made from them a pernicious ideological admixture that created the intellectual climate in which Nazism and Communism later thrived. —CW

Street traffic, tack uphill into his narrow alley, and nose the car to safety in its space below his mother's window. He would let himself in softly and ascend the carpeted stairs to his bedroom, a vast master bedroom that floated, all puffs and pillows and matching satin, like a dulcet blimp above the contagion of the city and its dreams.

Freddy, all spiffed up for the theater in his flared chalk stripes and polished Guccis, finds his date, Corinna, "in the bathtub, drugged by the steam." Freddy has to toss his theater tickets in the fireplace, and the evening is spent trying to get Corinna together so they can finally, around midnight, go out for a cheeseburger: "She took dictation all day and after work seemed to need to express herself, to rotate languidly through her two rooms, shedding clothes and emptying ashtrays in a kind of monologue of slow motion, developing her own space." Freddy and Corinna do get to the theater the next night, but Corinna feels "vomity" and decides to faint. Freddy cannot believe it: "It seemed a concept wildly out of fashion, like bastardy or family prayers. 'Why would you do that?' " The story has a happy ending and is a perfect piece of character portraiture, funny and beguiling.

Near the opposite ends of the spectrum in this erratic collection are the dreadful "From the Journal of a Leper," which seems to be more about the heartbreak of psoriasis, and "Daughter, Last Glimpses Of," in which the narrator's daughter persuades the family to raise chickens:

> I remember how, as I sat down to breakfast, she would push open the back door with her shoulder, her eyes starry above the wonder of the eggs still warm in her hands. . . . She papered the walls of her room with scratchy drawings of chickens, and even did poems; one line went, as I remember, *peck scrawk scrabble peck*. . . .

When the chickens gradually cease to lay, a rooster turns up one day without the father's permission: "I got out of the car and there he was, a little red-brown bird with absurdly long tail feathers and a dictatorial way of cocking his head." While the daughter takes off with a red-bearded thirty-year-old harpsichord maker, the rooster remains:

> . . . Every morning, he gets up on those Rubberoid self-sealing Slate Green asphalt shingles I hammered down to make him a roof, a midair hop and skip from my bedroom window, and he crows. Lying awake, I can hear him practicing his crow in the small hours, inside his house: a rather gentle, even wheezy, half-unfurling of the magic scroll inside his chest. Maybe he is dreaming of the dawn, maybe the street light fools him. But there is no mistaking the real thing: as the windowpanes brighten from purple to mauve to white he flaps up on his roof with a slap like a newspaper hitting the porch and gives a crow as if to hoist with his own pure lungs that sleepy fat sun to the zenith of the sky. . . .

The stories of separation and divorce that constitute the core of the book all manifest the thought the narrator's wife (who has left him) has in the story "Nevada": turning forty was "as if then you began a return journey that could not be broken." In these stories, whether the husband or the wife has been abandoned, the passion of life remains linked with the first partner and the time life was still hopeful. The second wives are pale ghosts beside the vividness of life lived with the first. Bonds remain because of this, and equally because of the children (all of whom suffer intensely in these stories because of their parents' separation). The remarried husband cannot quite remember, as he faces his first wife and his beloved children, why he has left her. The detritus of middle age is present: infidelity, arthritis, friends who are cancer victims, hospitals, prostitutes, class reunions. The winding down.

There is a curious interchangeability about the separation stories. Despite the strong writing, they don't remain individually in the mind—until the transcedent "Separating." Here the passions break through, the muted emotions are released.

The parents have purposely prepared to tell their four children of their plans:

> Yet it was the thought of telling Judith —the image of her, their first baby, walking between them arm in arm to the bridge—that broke him. The partition between his face and the tears broke.

And there is no answer to the anguished question posed by his oldest son:

> Richard bent to kiss an averted face but his son, sinewy, turned and with wet cheeks embraced him and gave him a kiss, on the lips, passionate as a woman's. In his father's ear he moaned the word, the crucial, intelligent word: "*Why?*"
>
> *Why*. It was a whistle of wind in a crack, a knife thrust, a window thrown open on emptiness. The white face was gone, the darkness was featureless. Richard had forgotten why.

Updike manages to transfigure, both

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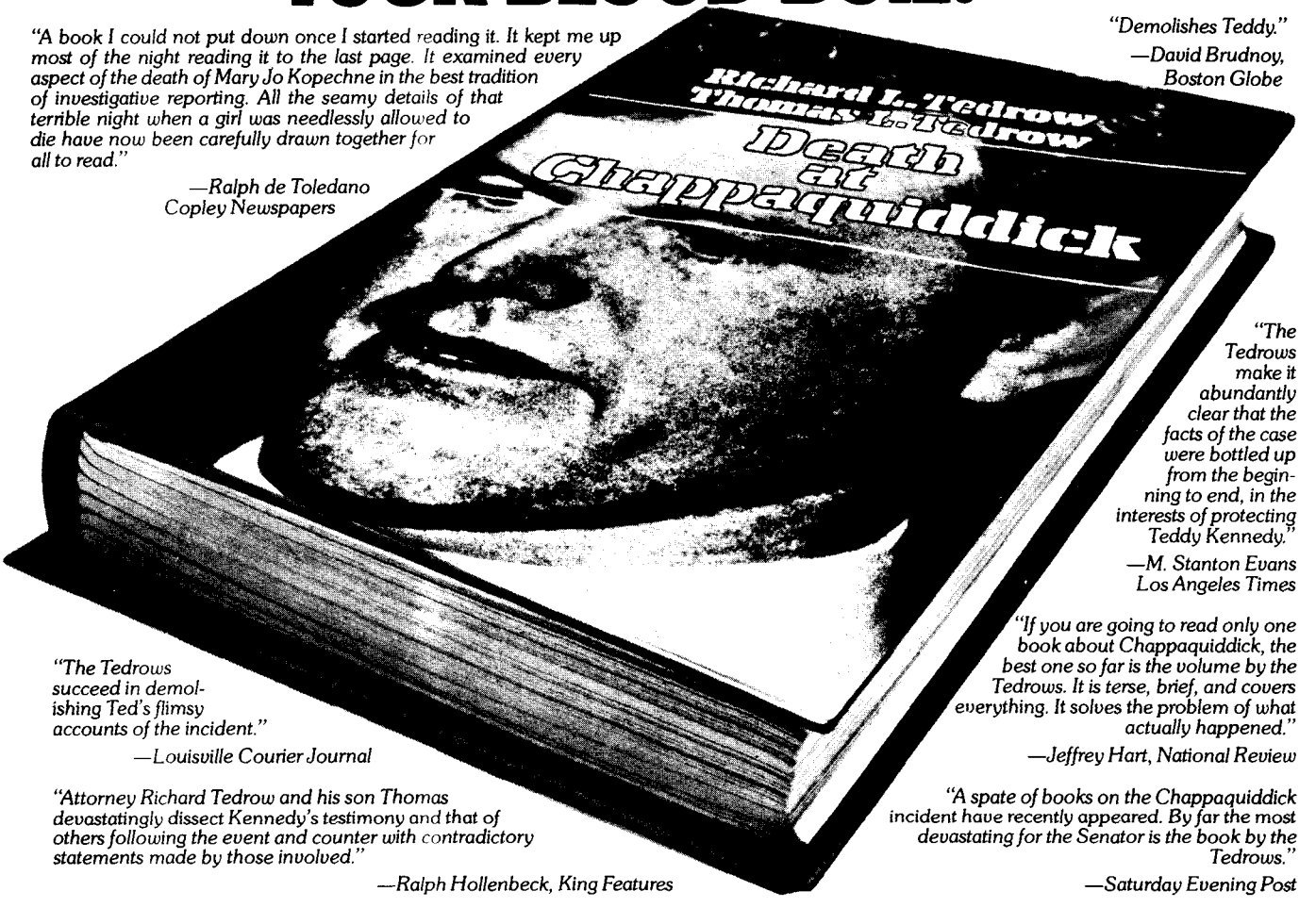

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in this story and others, what initially appears to be familiar material—middle-class domestic life—with expressive language and the grace of his caring. And when Updike strays, he comes up with the book's brilliant, bizarre blockbuster, "Transaction." No account of trying to squeeze blood from a stone has ever been better. A forty-year-old man, heading for his hotel at midnight after a conference and carrying his family's Christmas presents in his arms, picks up a prostitute and takes her to his hotel room. Read this blow by blow, and you will know that Updike can do almost anything.

Then there is "The Egg Race," as pure and enchanting a story as can be found. Here are most of the themes of *Problems and Other Stories* coalesced into a collage of memories: the race itself, an apt metaphor for life:

> . . . The children lined up, each holding an egg in a spoon, out in front of his chest. The eggs precariously wobbled, of their own semi-liquid, semi-live weight. On your mark, get set, go. Those who dropped their eggs, of course, were out . . . the gods of calendar and nation stooped low over the children, beaming, bestowing prizes as simple as a Hershey bar or a paper kite, furled. . . .

The narrator, Ferguson, recalls his father's funeral, a dream of a trip with his father, his divorce, a trip with his own son. There is a mordant, funny, and moving account of a class reunion, in which the narrator finally gets to see one breast of an old flame, and a visit to the old candy store where the children would sneak to at recess, Boonie's:

> . . . He entered the crypt and bought a dime's worth of the old candies—jelly hats, licorice pipes, nougat in waxed paper, coconut strips dyed to resemble bacon. The wizened, arthritic old man behind the blackened, cracked glass case patiently filled a little paper bag piece by piece. He pressed Ferguson's change back into his palm, making the fingers close like a child's around the coins. "Now hold tight, Fergy," he crooned. "Don't drop any pennies now."

At the story's close, the narrator recalls being home ill, in childhood, safely nestled in bed:

> . . . The house in all its reaches attended to him, settling, ticking, clucking in its stillness, an intricately worked setting for the jewel of his healing; all was nestled like a spoon beneath his life, his only life, his incredibly own, that he must not let drop.

Here is the America that Colonel Ellelloû hated (and envied) in *The Coup*, and which Updike celebrates in these stories. He is writing now of lives wearing down—the inevitable waning after the times of youth and rapture. It is a wearing down that comes with the seasons, not hastened or pre-empted by extermination camps and mass marches—and is therefore marked by a sad, natural, and unmistakable beauty. □

W. H. Auden: The Life of a Poet
By Charles Osborne
Harcourt, Brace, 336 pp., $17.50

THE MAKING OF AN AMERICAN

SELDEN RODMAN

In a recent *Time* essay on the roots of the Anthony Blunt scandal, Malcolm Muggeridge—who was himself in the British Intelligence apparatus during World War II a colleague of such Soviet spies as Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, and Donald Maclean—has some harsh things to say about the climate at Oxford and Cambridge in the 1930s when "homosexuality and leftish opinions tended to go together." He asks why revolutionary causes and espionage appealed to the gays. "Spying . . . is a kind of acting . . . the inevitable exclusion from the satisfaction of parenthood gave them a grudge against society and therefore an instinctive sympathy with efforts to overthrow it." Muggeridge is talking not only about spies "who saw fit to betray their country, their culture, and their class in order to advance the power and the influence of the most ruthless, philistine, and materialistic autocracy the world has ever known," but also of homosexuals like Keynes and Strachey, whose contributions to subverting the morality and the economy of the pre-totalitarian world were more fundamental: and of E. M. Forster, "who provided putative traitors with a serviceable formula for justifying their treachery by insisting that if he had to choose between betraying his country and betraying his friend, he hoped he would have the courage to betray his country."

A great deal more than half of Charles Osborne's revealing biography of Auden is devoted to this undergraduate world out of which Auden and his homosexual friends Isherwood and Spender emerged to give the poetry of the Thirties its leftish bearing. The biographer has reason to do so—not because any of these writers indulged in more than a brief flirtation with Communism, but because all of their best work came out of the same queer, quasi-Marxist, pseudo-Freudian milieu that nurtured the iconoclasts and the spies.

The problem—to which Osborne's often revealing but never searching biography fails to address itself—is why these writers lost their originality the moment they became pacifists or establishment liberals. This was true of Auden especially, for he was always the dominant force among them and, since Eliot, the only poet writing in English whose style profoundly influenced the course of poetry and was comprehensible enough to be quotable. Was it because Auden was a wit, whose essential bent was satirical? Probably. Certainly no poet since Byron, with the possible exception of Browning, addressed himself so scathingly to the pomposities of official ideologues, political as well as poetical. This worked for Auden, as long as he remained uncritical of the jejune platform from which he launched his barbs. Compounded of Fascism, anti-Fascism, Marxism, anti-Marxism, atheism, Anglican religiosity, and some of the weirder varieties of psychoanalytic dogma, this ramshackle platform carried Auden the poet quite serviceably until he emigrated to the United States in 1939. It was then that he became a "serious" thinker bent upon justifying his escape from that very facing-up-to-responsibilities he had been so blithely demanding in his brilliant early poems.

I saw a good deal of Auden during the early part of his self-imposed exile. He supported himself by writing reviews, and he lived around the corner from the magazine I edited. The guilt that fueled his activist literary life had always been buried under layers of precocious snobbism, but now it began to show. He could no longer look down his nose at the ruling class—he was the

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guest of the ruling class; nor could he poke fun at the church—the church was his only refuge now that the Marxist "priests" had spurned his non-combattant advances in Spain. Nor could he pillory the warmongers, since war had suddenly become popular, not only in England, but in America, and (imminently) even in Russia. Humility was Auden's new vestment, and it suited ideally his disreputable appearance and lifestyle—but not at all his poetry. He was composing what turned out to be his last great poem. "September 1, 1939," and its muffled ambiguities were already giving him trouble. (Later on, he would reject the poem entirely, along with what I consider the best of his earlier work, from his heavily self-censored *œuvre*):

I sit in one of the dives
On Fifty-Second Street
Uncertain and afraid
As the clever hopes expire
Of a low dishonest decade . . .

But what disturbed Auden more than this (intellectual) renunciation of the secure Quad from which he had tossed his gay barbs was his adjuration to himself in the last stanza to "Show an affirming flame." It was beyond him, and he knew it. The last hundred pages of Osborne's biography is a dismal cataloguing of all those excruciatingly dull book-length poems, the frivolous *vers de société* written for *The New Yorker*, the academic awards, the campus adulation reserved for the ghost of a time long gone, the campy in-jokes and desperate shuttling back and forth between the Fire Islands and Ischias in search of nubile boys and senile composers. Read it and weep:

> On 17 June, Auden gave the Commencement Address at Smith College, a girls' college in Massachusetts, to an audience of two thousand. . . . Visited with Louis MacNeice, who was in a New Hampshire hospital, recovering from an operation for peritonitis. . . . Drank with Carson McCullers, and even joined in a softball game which he played as though it were cricket. . . . Never allowed his religion to interfere with his pleasures, and was, for instance, quite happy both to consider homosexuality a sinful state and to indulge in homosexual acts regularly for the rest of his life.

And so it goes, year after year. "I know exactly why Guy Burgess went to Moscow," Auden told visitors to Ischia

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in the late Fifties. "It wasn't enough to be a queer and a drunk. He had to revolt still more to break away from it all. That's just what I've done by becoming an American citizen." But the United States, too, began to seem unbearably straight; and it was in a village in Hitler's Austria that the poet eventually settled and died. The final irony was that he was buried (at his own request) to the strains of the Führer's favorite opera, *Götterdämmerung*, and that when newspapers the next day spoke of those faces, including several belonging to Jews, "ravaged with grief," it turned out that what had really made them weep was the "sheer emotive force" of the great antisemitic composer's music. In his younger days, when he was still a poet, Auden would have appreciated the irony. □

Catholics and American Politics
By Mary T. Hanna
Harvard, 262 pp., $15.

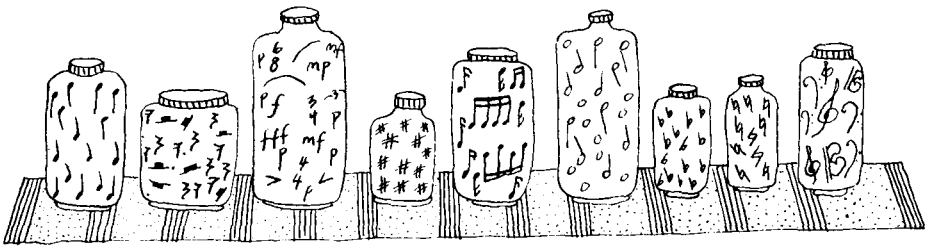
THAT COMMONWEAL GIRL

JOSEPH SOBRAN

This book costs 15 bucks. I say this by way of admonition, not self-pity: I got it free. But then I had to read it, and you don't

Boredom is hard to quintify—I meant to type "quantify," but I must have been thinking of quintiles or something, since this is one of those books that back up their assertions with charts and tables and dauntingly bedecimalled percentages. Anyway, boredom is hard to *quantify*, so I can't express my reaction to this book in the categories preferred by the political scientist, Mary T. Hanna, who wrote it. She goes in for Agree and Disagree—things like that. Nothing in there about Snore.

Catholics and American Politics: good title, necessary topic. I just read *Commentary*'s symposium "Liberalism and the Jews," and while I can't say I had the time of my life, it is at least true that the respondents were invited to think, and some of them did so. But Professor Hanna elicits stock answers in her interviews and *insists* on stock answers in her polls. For instance, Table 4.14



poses the question, Do you "support civil liberties for" atheists and Communists? White Catholic college graduates who attend church less than monthly Agree 96.6 per cent for atheists, 93.1 per cent for Commies. No figures are given on how many of the respondents, or for that matter how many of the editors of Harvard University Press, replied, Just what on earth is *that* supposed to mean?

This is less a book than a symptom. Its real aim (the author doesn't evidently possess the focus of consciousness that would justify accusing her of concealing it) is to show that Catholics are Making It. That is to say, Becoming Liberal. To Become Liberal you don't have to ask distracting questions like what "support civil liberties for" implies. You just have to say *Yes*, or better yet, *Yes!* though of course Table 4.14 can't record exclamation points.

Now as a matter of fact I don't know how anyone could say *No* to the question as phrased. Some of my best friends are atheists, and I certainly want them to have "civil liberties" as I understand them (though how Professor Hanna understands them is anyone's guess). Beyond that, I feel that no Communist should be strung up without a fair trial. Does that qualify me as a supporter of "civil liberties" (in the Hanna sense) for Communists? Or do I have to believe they also have a right to equal employment opportunity in the FBI and CIA?

THEN there is the little matter—if it's not extraneous to raise the subject with respect to an assistant professor of political science at the State University of New York, Binghamton campus—of Professor Hanna's prose. I can't give you the quintiles, but here is a typical sentence: "However, the areas of agreement seem wider than those of disagreement." Here is an even more typical sentence: "Both Church and congressional leaders stressed continuing Catholic support for economic liberalism and, indeed, survey analysis showed Catholics to be consistently supportive of governmental problem-solving efforts in education, health, the environment, big cities, and so on." And so on. Hell, have a couple more: "White Catholics also demonstrate a dramatic rise in their levels of support for civil liberties guarantees. Thus, they bear out Church and congressional claims of a greater Catholic openness and tolerance toward others, with all the implications the development of such attitudes have [*sic*, I guess] for political participation and its modes." Also, Professor Hanna is fond of beginning sentences with also, comma.

IF YOU read between the lines—which in this case sure beats reading the lines—you quickly see, as I was saying, that the point of the book is to congratulate "educated" Catholics on their achievement of Correct Attitudes. Would you believe it, they come out better—i.e., more liberal—than Protestants at the corresponding levels of education? Why, I'll lay odds that mentally retarded Catholics come out better than their mentally retarded Protestant counterparts. Again, I don't have the quintiles to prove it. Also, I have a hunch that if you screen out the Baptists, the Catholics will fall behind again. (Or from another point of view, come out ahead again.)

Which is a way of saying that the less "educated" people are, the more likely they are to retain a measure of common sense, since they are more immune to the social pressure of "educated" opinion. State education has boomed since World War II, especially at the college level, and with it the power of liberal orthodoxy. In the old days a Catholic was likely to go to a school where he learned the substance of his faith and how to defend it; he was inoculated against at least the obvious secular fads. More recently the Catholic schools have withered, and many Catholics have rushed eagerly out of their ghettos to assimilate, even if it has meant forget-

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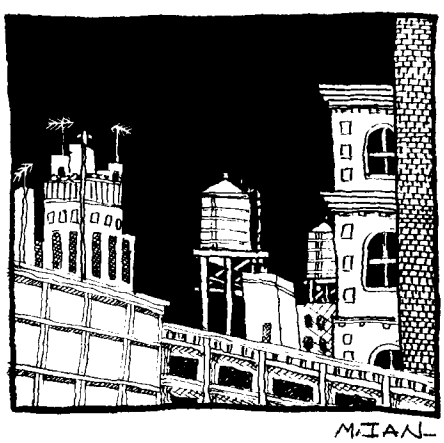
ting how to think. Writers like Professor Hanna and Andrew Greeley labor to prove that Catholics now a) retain distinctive Catholic values, and yet b) are more like other people than other people are.

Meanwhile, others—Baptists, for example—have carefully kept their distance from the public mainstream. And in their way, they have preserved habits of disciplined thought that the assimilated have traded for respectability. Professor Hanna betrays a paradisal innocence of the possible implications of "government problem-solving efforts." But I recently happened to hear a fundamentalist radio preacher give an extraordinarily incisive analysis of the real meaning of the current campaign for "children's rights." Nobody can presume to say which will more likely enter the kingdom of heaven, but that preacher was certainly fitter than Professor Hanna to converse with James Burnham.

The *Playboy* ads used to ask, "What kind of man reads *Playboy*?" The answer, of course, was an enviable man—young, educated, motivated, sophisticated, and all that. As part of its style package *Playboy* offered political uplift: it taught Correct Attitudes toward issues of the day, which attitudes were always quick-frozen bits of liberal dogma. You didn't have to do any thinking; you simply put the relevant attitude on like a hat, and presto! you were fashionable.

That is how opinion is now communicated through the media, and in its dreary way Professor Hanna's book belongs, albeit unwittingly, to the whole system of opinion marketing. Its title is the best thing about it, but a better title might be *What Kind of Person Reads* Commonweal? □



ART

BEUYS WILL BE BEUYS

RUTH BERENSON

If there's one rule the critics have thoroughly mastered, it's never to get caught off base by denigrating an artist who, for whatever reason, has managed to attract the favorable attention of any self-proclaimed avant garde group. Fearing to be labeled as reactionary or, worse, conservative, they either hedge their bets or, more often, couch their analyses in phrases so euphuistic that a reader is hard put to discover their real opinion, if any. A classic case in point was the recent exhibition of the work of Joseph Beuys, a West German artist, at the Guggenheim Museum. Beuys has made big waves abroad, especially in his homeland, where his "performances"—lecturing about art to a dead rabbit, clashing cymbals in time to a horse munching hay, and other Dadaist manifestations—have won him great renown and where his "Organization for Direct Democracy," a by-product of his quarrels with the Düsseldorf Academy, has made him a hero of the far Left. Obviously, then, his first museum appearance here was an event of some importance.

On the other hand, the display, which consisted chiefly of examples of what the artist calls "social sculpture"—mainly found objects (a tin bathtub, a piano, pieces of worn metal, mouldering sausages) wrapped in felt or embellished with mounds of fat, mud, and sticking plaster—was not, to put it charitably, very edifying. The critics, however, did not let this stop them; on the contrary, its very obfuscation seemed to stimulate their love of hyperbole.

The tone was set by the *New York Times*' John Russell, who compared Beuys to "a Crusader who dropped out of the march and took no part in the killing," and to someone who had "ridden part of the way with Parsifal when Parsifal was searching for the Holy Grail"; Beuys, he declared, "gives us a whole new alphabet of feeling." Almost to a man, Russell's colleagues adopted a similar tone. Rather than admit they were baffled by—or that they disliked—the art, they devoted considerable verbiage to the artist's appearance, especially his habit of wearing a hat everywhere, even indoors: "his trademark" (Jerry Tallmer, the *New York Post*), "as recognizable as Al Capone's fedora" (Robert Hughes, *Time*). His gaunt face, said Mark Stevens (*Newsweek*), "looks as if it were etched by Dürer."

They also indulged in a plethora of imposing and appropriately vague characterizations like "tremendous presence" (Russell), "strangely romantic presence" (*Art Previews*), "unsettling, humorous, morbid" (John Perrault, *Avenue*); his imagery was "dense . . . intensely romantic and archaizing" (Hughes). Hughes stuck his neck out farthest, ending his review with the flat statement that "as an artist, an inventor of memorable images, and a fabricator of contexts for them, he has no European equal."

THESE critical raves did not succeed in turning Beuys's show into a standing-room-only affair. Following the two black-tie openings which, as usual, had Beautiful People crammed in cheek to jowl, attendance dropped, picking up only slightly over the Christmas holidays. The Guggenheim may have made more money than usual from bewildered visitors renting the recorded tour at fifty cents apiece. This contained a comparatively lucid account of Beuys's career by Caroline Tisdale, the guest curator who organized the exhibition, and statements by the artist which appeared to leave most listeners as confused at the end as when they started. The huge, old-fashioned cases in which the small objects were displayed, apparently at Beuys's insistence, plus the unusually dim lighting, made for a gloomy atmosphere; few people talked, and then hardly above a whisper.

Of course by now Americans are somewhat inured to art shocks. Having learned in the past two decades to take, even to enjoy, Christo's wrapped buildings and Oldenburg's soft sculptures, neither Beuys's felt-wrapped piano nor multiples of the felt suit he wore to an anti-Vietnam War demonstration seem out of the ordinary. His *Honey Machine*, which circulated honey through a system of plastic pipes, looked like a rather simple Rube Goldberg contraption, and the small wooden sleds spill-

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ing out of a Volkswagen bus, each identically loaded with a felt blanket, a flashlight, and a lump of fat (symbols of "warmth, energy, and potential"—*Newsweek*), seemed closer to a harmless Walt Disney fantasy than an evocation of the artist's "legendary" (*Art Previews*) wartime rescue by Crimean Tartars who, or so Mr. Beuys claims, found him unconscious in the snow and carried him off on a sled after wrapping him in felt and fat to keep him warm.

The critics took Beuys's political views less seriously than his art. Two of them wondered why the West German government (along with the National Foundation for the Arts) should sponsor an artist determined to replace it with "participatory democracy"—a code word for revolution. *Newsweek*'s Mark Stevens, noting that "this Dada-based art has grown comfortably close to the culture it despises," observed that Beuys and other artist-radicals "seem to serve a role something like that of court jester," adding, "The kings of our society do not mind being mocked and denounced because the mockery only confirms their power." *Time*'s Hughes, annoyed at Beuys's widely quoted statement, "The silence of Marcel Duchamp is overrated," disposed of his political pretensions with a Gertrude Steinism: "The noise of Beuys is not worth the silence of Duchamp." In the view of the present writer, it's not worth much else, either. □

FILM

STODGY SATIRE, DODGY SATYR

JOHN SIMON

Jerzy Kosinski, the Polish-born American novelist, is a curious phenomenon. After two very interesting and in many ways impressive early novels, *The Painted Bird* and *Steps*, Kosinski has become more successful and famous, has had more and more professorships, awards, TV appearances, and other honors and emoluments heaped on him, even as his later novels (mostly mere novellas) have become weaker and

more strained. Thus, I imagine, Kosinski has a special affection for Chance, the hero of his novella *Being There*, which he has adapted faithfully, except for some expurgations, to the screen. For Chance is a *naïf* who keeps repeating the same inanities to a society that insists on reading profundities into them until he becomes rich and powerful and very probably the next President of the U.S.A. Kosinski himself has only made it as far as president of the PEN American Center up to now—but then, *he* is anything but a *naïf*.

CHANCE is an orphan who served as a gardener to a rich Washingtonian; he never left his employer's house and high-walled garden, and spent his leisure time watching television. When the old man dies, Chance puts on one of the boss's expensive suits and goes forth into the world. A very rich woman's car slightly injures him, and the millionairess, Eve Rand, brings him to the palatial mansion she shares with her much older husband, Benjamin, a slowly dying reactionary tycoon, friend and advisor to the President, but a pretty decent fellow withal. Soon our almost completely feelingless simpleton—whose name and occupation, misheard, turn him into Chauncy Gardiner—becomes the confidant and guru of Benjamin, the counselor of the President, the semi-platonic lover of Eve (television having taught him only the earlier phases of lovemaking), the darling of TV talk shows, and the lion of Washington society. He ends up as heir to the dead Benjamin's wealth and widow, and the likeliest candidate for the Presidency.

Everything works for him. His dead boss's expensive old custom-tailored suit has just come back into high style; his vacant stares and inability to converse are mistaken for circumspectness and inscrutability; his intensely enunciated banalities based on gardening or TV-watching are perceived as metaphoric and philosophical utterances of the highest order. That no government agency or reporter can dig up any background information on Gardiner means that he is the safest political bet, free from any past that could be used against him, and so on, and, alas, on—for what could make a good short-short story or long anecdote, but was too much even for a slim book, and is way too much for a two-hour movie.

The novella, of course, is written in the absurdist mode, which never quite works on film, where too much reality rushes into the camera's purview. Absurdism is rather like a demented algebra, and though it can work on stage where unrealistic words can hold their own among stylized sets, it fails on screen, where images of the things of this world crowd in, and there is no way for a real sky, landscape, street, crowd of passers-by to pretend that they are x, y^2, and z^3. Hal Ashby, the director, has tried to increase the unreality by proceeding at a slow, stately pace amid settings of ponderous pomp (Biltmore House, the sumptuous Vanderbilt mansion in North Carolina, serves as the Rands' Xanadu), photographed by the talented Caleb Deschanel in tones varying from burnished to brooding. But the effect is only one of carefully nurtured stasis rather than of psychological dislocation, and the work's single joke—Chance's imbecilities taking on ever greater luster—becomes more stifling with every new solemn camera set-up.

PETER SELLERS's performance has garnered critical kudos, but his Chance seems to me more sinister than innocent: there is no spontaneity in his platitudes, no bewilderment in his too knowingly emptied-out gaze. His pompousness is comic all right, but it has a way of suggesting a pompous ass rather than a mere simpleton. The others are all good, often ingeniously cast, and Melvyn Douglas's Rand is the warmest yet unsappiest crotchety Croesus you will ever see. Toward the end, Kosinski and Ashby blow their cool and have Rand buried in a mausoleum shaped like the pyramid on the dollar bill, while Chance blithely walks on water. But even that cannot further hurt an already seriously damaged movie.

When the book *Being There* appeared, several reviewers recognized the title's allusion to Heidegger's *Dasein*, with which, however, the story has nothing to do. Rather, it is *Candide* in

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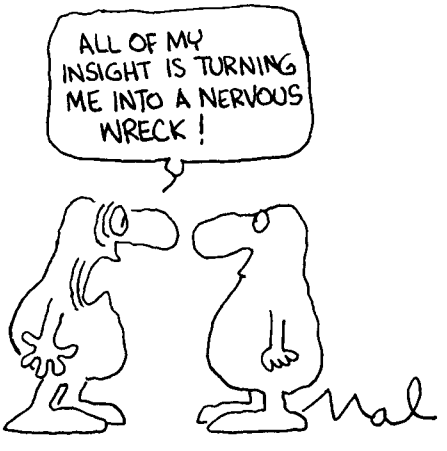
reverse, with the naïveté, instead of wreaking disaster, reaping vast benefits. The Pangloss is television, whose facile optimism is never belied by catastrophe. Eve, the Cunégonde, stays adoring and faithful throughout, and the hero's ultimate bliss stems from remaining in—not leaving Eldorado. All this could be more amusing—especially the satire on television if, as Robert Asahina has justly noted, there were not two serious inconsistencies in it. One is that Chance watching TV sometimes arbitrarily imitates what he sees on it; and sometimes, equally arbitrarily, does not. The other is that he, who has manifestly learned everything on TV, often reveals himself ignorant of precisely the things TV bombards us with. In the crazy but algebraically exact equations of absurdism there is room only for the most ruthless logic. Otherwise, the absurd becomes silly.

All That Jazz is Bob Fosse's unauthorized autobiography. Like Fosse, the protagonist, Joe Gideon, is a Broadway choreographer-director *cum* filmmaker at work simultaneously on a Broadway musical like *Chicago* and on a movie, not just like but actually *Lenny*, about Lenny Bruce. He is driven, mildly drug-addicted (uppers and downers), and devoted with equal fanaticism to his work and his womanizing. Among the women who surround Joe are his ex-wife and leading lady (Leland Palmer, whom Fosse has turned into an alter ego of Gwen Verdon, his actual ex-wife and leading lady), his principal dancer and *maîtresse en titre* (Ann Reinking, who has functioned in both capacities in real life), a new dancer-mistress, Victoria (Deborah Geffner, with doubtless an analogue in reality, though whether it is Miss Geffner herself or someone else, I don't know), Angelique, a kind of Angel of Death with whom Joe has portentously vacuous existential colloquies (Jessica Lange, another real-life Fosse girlfriend), Michelle, Joe's teen-age daughter, with whom a tough-tender father-daughter and choreographer-dancer relationship flourishes (beautifully played and danced by young Erzsebet Foldi, although Fosse's real-life daughter, Nicole, is also in the film playing a subordinate dancer).

The others in Joe Gideon's life include producers, composers, directors, and sundry theater folk—many of them recognizable caricatures—as well as the doctors and hospital staff with whom he gets involved after his near-fatal heart attack and open-heart surgery; the attack, to give the movie a convenient but facile ending, is converted into a fatal one. The film is part movie musical with very good (though no longer very original) Fosse dance sequences, part hospital tragi-farce (complete with bypass surgery), part backstage satire. The later layers are much less compelling; worse yet are two quasi-refrains that run through this jagged montage of levels of reality and superreality. One has Cliff Gorman (who played Lenny on stage) spouting from a moviola Brucisms that apply to Fosse-Gideon's frenzy; the other has Ben Vereen (a former Fosse star) offering from a TV screen an introduction to Joe's appearance on a variety program—an introduction that becomes more sardonic each time it is repeated. Through all this weaves the metaphysical colloquy with the insipid angel (screenplay by Fosse and the late Robert Alan Aurthur, and disastrous) that spans everything from satyriasis to eschatology in a series of verbal *grands jetés*.

A vapid, vertiginous farrago, this, clearly derived from Fellini—call it Fosse's *Beat Me, Daddy, 8½ to the Bar*. The film is both too close and not close enough to a rather sleazy reality that this kind of self-serving apotheosis makes grimier yet. But all the dancing and much of the acting (notably Roy Scheider's callow yet likable Joe), beautifully shot by Fellini's cameraman Giuseppe Rotunno and trickily edited by Alan Heim, exude a blend of titillation and hypnosis that is not without interest. □



The GIMLET EYE

A CHINESE WAITER

D. KEITH MANO

"I want to change, but how? I'm tired of this job every day. I do it now almost twenty year."

Tom Yu has hustled moo shu pork in more than ten dozen Chinese restaurants: could be you've seen all ten dozen of him. American eyes confer a patronizing anonymity on the Chinese. It isn't intended: it's just that our optical wiring will look for emphasis and hardsell in the human face: mustache or mascara or Palm Beach tan. But an Oriental face, like Oriental speech, expresses itself by deft inflection. Tommy Yu is forbearing: patient with the Caucasian's Charlie Chan Number One Son style of address: *Bring-Glass-Water-Here-Please-Soon-Yes?* As if staccato firmness were a kind of sufficient translation. Even though Tommy can handle idiomatic English well enough (and Cantonese and Shanghai and Mandarin and some Spanish)—even though, he might guess what his fortune cookie will say without having to crack its pasteboard husk: TOUGH EGG ROLL, FRIEND. YOU'LL BE HUMPING WONTON WHEN YOU'RE SIXTY.

"There not too many other job. Maybe ladies will work in a factory, to operate a sewing machine. My wife does that. Chinese fruit store or baking store. Not much else."

Since 1959 Tommy Yu has been clocking a six-day week: often two restaurants per day. Imagine the sublime sameness. Always vanilla, chocolate, and pistachio: talk about a China syndrome. The tacky plywood pagoda and dragon; the idiot-rictus ceramic Buddha. A smell of ten thousand fryings. Table linen so abrasive it'll depilate your upper lip. Chinese restaurants all look like the city room at a struck newspaper. Suitable for dining alone: somehow you don't expect or miss companionship when you eat Chinese. Old bachelor men punch belches up: the kind who can make Tourister luggage from one piece of string. And a pretentious into-being-ethnic hippie broad: she'll insist on chopsticks and then deploy them as though she were rowing against the cur-

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rent of her meal. Night after night for Tommy Yu. How the feet must object: he also stands who only serves and waits.

"Tip is very small here. This is no fancy French restaurant. Man not bring girl here to give her special time. Candle on table. Nice decoration. It's not only service makes big tip. It's good quality of place. Hard to find Chinese restaurant like that. And everyone has friend, relative to give job first."

Tom Yu has no kin in America: beyond those that came later as an appendix to his wife's dowry. He beat it from Shanghai in 1956, at the age of 17. His father had been murdered one year before. A mother and two brothers are still there: maybe alive, maybe not. He has written, but addresses, even names, tend to get rehabilitated in the Great Pajama Republic. Being relationless is unnatural and inconvenient: the Chinese are bound to their families in, so you might say, an ecological manner.

"My father-in-law, he didn't like me. He say I have no parents, just myself. How you know the boy is good or not? One day he change you over and get a divorce, one-two-three. No way to hold him, he doesn't have a parent here."

Tommy and I inhale cold Millers. Now or then his pronunciation is moo goo gai pan to me. In any interchange—even American *v.* American—we will lip-read somewhat. But Chinese lips are unhelpful, underexpressive: they disorient—no—disoccident me: as though Tommy had been dubbed in English. Yet his way with syntax is facile, if a bit Cubist. And again—this has often been my experience on meeting Chinese—I am gonged by the sweep of his practical knowledge. Tommy will explain how I should square off my knuckles when—never can tell when—I want to shatter a three-inch glass door pane. Explain the percentage chart for poker and blackjack. Explain how to cure backache or migraine by clobbering certain pressure points. And, of course, how to cook Szechuan.

"Szechuan food needs big fire, quick cooking. Home fire is too small. Eat very quick—you leave food ten minutes color and flavor change. American people getting smarter: they don't order Cantonese egg foo yung, chicken chow mein so much any more. My three children like Burger King best of all."

I have lived in Chinatown: the kicked-anthill vigor there is enough to give you a benzedrine high. Chinese work as, Weber once told us, Protestants are meant to. Yet the neighborhood is quite safe: how many Chinese muggers have you come across? Safe, except at New Year. The Chinese are industrious, even compulsive, celebrators: Mott Street can be like Omaha Beach. Fireworks, they insist, bring good luck: yes, if traumatic shock is fortunate. Last year, while walking our dog, I got cherry-bombed from four flights overhead. The first mega-ounce discharge blew a yellow snowbank into my upright lap. Next one took my hat off—involuntary gesture of respect—and made my eyes slant. Number three hit a foot behind the dog, while he was still thinking about number two. He has been somewhat costive ever since.

Tommy ups, downs the beer: off to pick up his 11-year-old daughter at a day-care center. I ask him about the presidential election.

"I still looking for someone like President Nixon. He was strong. Not afraid. I'm very sorry about the Watergate. That spying, Johnson did it too—no one complain."

And the future of Tommy Yu?

"Hope to open my own restaurant soon. I look at one on Eighty and Broadway last week. They want $130,000 for it—I don't bother about that—but the rent will be $3,000 a month. Too much overhead."

Now, $130,000 is a lot of tips, a lot of dress seams sewn up. But it doesn't bother Tommy Yu. Think of that next time you order pork fried rice. The waiter who brings it can probably buy and sell a cheap tipper like you. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE COLONEL OF CHICAGO, *by Joseph Gies (Dutton, 261 pp., illus., $12.95).* The story is told that a committee of prominent Chicagoans was about to name the newly constructed international airport just northwest of their city in honor of George C. Marshall. They were, that is, until Colonel Robert Rutherford McCormick was informed that the likely designation would come to be Marshall Field, whereupon the plan was suddenly dropped. Lest posterity associate the christening with a rival publisher who had the effrontery to compete with the Colonel's *Chicago Tribune*, "The World's Greatest Newspaper," O'Hare was chosen instead, to honor a rather obscure naval hero, "son of a Chicago racetrack owner who was bumped off by gangsters." Though probably apocryphal, the tale is appropriate to this legendary figure whose blend of business acumen, dash, and foresight left his competitors in a continual state of disarray. The liberal press mocked his benevolent paternalism and unrelenting patriotism, dubbing McCormick "one of the finest minds of the fourteenth century." In reply, he refined his newspaper until it was technically the finest, albeit the most controversial, daily in the nation. For questioning the prevailing wisdom about German guilt in World War I and exposing the covert maneuverings of FDR which led us into another war, the Colonel incurred the enmity of a government which encouraged his rivals and, on one occasion, contemplated his arrest. Such obstacles were occupational hazards for a publisher who had weathered Boss Lorimer, Big Bill Thompson, Henry Ford, Al Capone, the Chicago newsstand distribution war, assorted death threats, and the nuisance of the British Empire. Throughout this fascinating biography Joseph Gies, a self-described "old Left-Liberal Democrat," has ironically captured the essence of his remarkable subject, whose retrospective stature towers far above the corporate mentality of so many publications that today scurry for the safety of consensus journalism. ALAN L. MILLER

IT LOOKED LIKE FOR EVER, *by Mark Harris (McGraw-Hill, 276 pp., $9.95).* Mark Harris's considerable achievement is that he has improved upon Ring Lardner's Jack Keefe, hero of the baseball classic *You Know Me Al.* His creation is Henry Wiggen, who has endured and prospered over four books: *The Southpaw*, *Bang the Drum Slowly*, *A Ticket for a Seamstitch*, and the present volume. Like Keefe, Wiggen is a pitcher. Like Keefe, Wiggen writes in a kind of illiterate dialect, one of his rules of writing being, "If you do not know how to spell a word make your very best guess at it." Unlike Keefe, Wiggen has a great deal of native intelligence, and is genuinely likable. Henry Wiggen's considerable achievement is a 19-year career as the ace pitcher of the New York Mammoths, ranking as the 27th winningest pitcher in baseball. He is, thus, a legend. The last Wiggen book appeared over twenty years ago, so he fills us in on the past two decades and recounts his comeback bid after his release at age 39. He is doing it all for love of the game; and despite doctors, psychiatrists, lawyers, politicians, recalcitrant managers, friends, a troublesome prostate, and no fastball, Wiggen prevails—at least for a little while. The Wiggen books are to baseball what *The Front Page* is to journalism: a definition, and a glorification. Henry Wiggen is always welcome. Next stop, Cooperstown. JOE MYSAK

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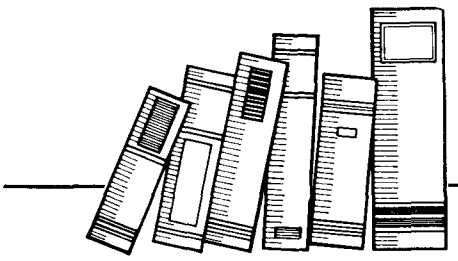


Dark Horses

TRUE to the promise of this column's title, I present herewith the darkest of all dark horses from the recent publishing season: *The Accident at Three Mile Island*, the report of the President's Commission on TMI (Government Printing Office, $5), which turns out to be a venture in subdued iconoclasm.

Most of the publicity surrounding the report of the Kemeny Commission—so named after President John G. Kemeny of Dartmouth College—has focused on its criticism of procedures at TMI and snafus at the Nuclear Regulatory Commission which first permitted, then compounded, the Three Mile Island mishap. These comments seem quite valid, and may be read with profit by the general public as well as the regulators to whom they are addressed.

Far more startling, however, are other findings of the report, to wit: that there was no likelihood the famous hydrogen bubble would explode; that a meltdown, had it occurred, would not have released a lethal dose of radioactivity; that radiation levels from the accident were minuscule compared to the natural background radiation of the area; and that no discernible increase in cancer or other radiation-related illness will result from TMI.

In short, the Kemeny report knocks down virtually every one of the scare stories that issued from TMI last year, roundly debunking the hysteria and misinformation that flowed from various self-appointed spokesmen and the communications media. In fact, the report pinpoints the crisis-mongers themselves as the principal danger arising from the accident: the major adverse health effect of TMI, the commission finds, was "mental stress"—created by a mistaken belief in imminent explosion and secret radiation poisoning.

While the Kemeny report administers a slap on the wrist to the media for helping spread such erroneous notions, a far more critical view emerges from a detailed study called *Television News Covers Nuclear Energy*, published by the newly created Media Institute of Washington, D.C. (1627 K St., N.W.; $35). This is a dispassionate statistical look at TV coverage of nuclear power over the past ten years, concluding with a close-up view of how the networks handled TMI. The technique employed is to gauge the amount of air time devoted to differing spokesmen and opinions on the issue.

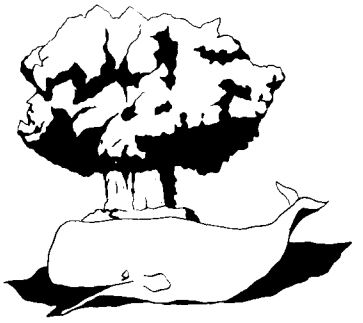
The Media Institute study adopts a clinical tone, and declines to press hard on its conclusions, but its statistical readouts leave little room for doubt about the inclination of the networks where nuclear energy is concerned: they're against it. Typically, outside sources quoted on the subject tend to be critical by a ratio of about seven to one—a ratio which continued to prevail throughout the coverage of TMI.

DURING TMI, also, such favorable comment as the networks did carry was from utility or government officials, whose opinions would be subject to discount by a worried viewing public. Outside sources such as the rabidly anti-nuclear Union of Concerned Scientists were highly critical—often without any clear indication by the networks that somebody's ideological axe was being ground. This bias was intensified by the networks' manner of introducing or closing stories on TMI—which the study finds tilted toward the negative by a ratio of roughly 13 to one.

Also of interest on the nuclear front: Professor Petr Beckmann's *The Non-Problem of Nuclear Wastes* (The Golem Press, Box 1342, Boulder, Colo. 80306; $2), which demonstrates, in the author's usual effective fashion, not only that the alleged difficulty of disposing of nuclear wastes can be and has been solved, but that nuclear power presents a far smaller problem in this regard than any other source of energy. All energy production involves waste disposal and potential danger, Beckmann shows; atomic power simply involves less of both than the available alternatives.

—M. STANTON EVANS

NUKE THE WHALES



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(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. — Pub.)

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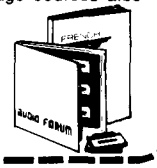

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Marx Is Dead

On The Right

New York, Jan. 24—Although it is likely that more academic and philosophical attention has been devoted in the last fifty years to the flowering of Marxist thought and to life under Marxism, it is astonishing how little thought is given to the great residual paradox. It is expressed in the antipodal manifestos of our time. The first is the voice of Solzhenitsyn, a single voice to be sure, but it is the voice of baptized humanity. What he said is that there is probably not one believing Marxist in Moscow. The contrary voice is the voice of—the Politburo: a great assembly of lords secular, disposing of three thousand silos armed with hydrogen bombs, the world's greatest army, navy, and submarine force; commanding the greatest satellite empire since Rome's. They are fighting for the most penetrable idiocies in the history of superstition; and yet on and on they go.

WHAT would the Soviet Union be, if you stripped it of its ideological pretensions? The answer to that question is most easily given, one supposes, if it were asked of, say, Machel in Mozambique, or Castro, or the Ethiopian sadist; or those grisly impostors in France and Italy and East Germany. There are three typhonic vectors in the postwar world. One of them is nationalism. The second—related—is anti-imperialism. The third is Marxist imperialism. Although every nation represented in the United Nations, ourselves included, will vote against imperialism, very nearly as many (subtract a dozen) regularly vote to ratify the Soviet Union's de facto imperialism. Although every nation will swear out a blood oath against tyranny, the majority will back tyranny—as long as it is done in the holy name of Marx. Find yourself any old country, impoverished, agricultural, illiterate: by rigorous definition laid down by Marx himself, lacking the constituent parts to pass over into Communism. But you need only require that the prevailing tyrant declare himself to be a Marxist, and the propaganda war is half-won. If Machel of Mozambique had said everything he had said, done everything he had done, but announced that he was just a good old-fashioned bourgeois despot, he'd have been the target of universal obloquy from the beginning, in 1974. He has only to say that he is a Marxist, and he is accounted blessed among the ignorant, and the cynical, of this world.

The question arises: Why doesn't the West take better advantage of the palpable superstitions? The obvious differences apart, Karl Marx was no more reliable a prophet than was the Reverend Jim Jones. Karl Marx was a genius, an uncannily resourceful manipulator of world history who shoved everything he knew, thought, and devised into a Ouija board from whose movements he decocted universal laws. He had his following, during the late phases of the Industrial Revolution. But he has been discredited by historical experience longer ago than the Wizard of Oz: and still, great grown people sit around, declare themselves to be Marxists, and make excuses for Gulag, and Afghanistan.

The Republican candidate for the President of the United States should declare himself devoted absolutely to the total atomization of the Marxist myth. He doesn't need to conscript thinkers-for-hire. The thinking has been done. The research has been done. History is there begging to be used as witness before the court of the people. The demonstration, at a private level, has been done by the poets, historians, and martyrs of our time. It requires only that it become an official crusade, one to which we will attach ourselves as vigorously as if we were spreading the word of how to extirpate smallpox from the fetid corners of the world.

This then is the miracle that can exploit the technology of communications. The Voice of America? Hell, the voice of humanity. If we undertake a systematic, devoted, evangelical effort to instruct the people of the world that the Soviet Union is animated not by a salvific ideology, but by a reactionary desire to kill and torture, intimidate and exploit others, for the benefit of its own recidivist national appetites for imperialism—we will have done, by peaceful means, what is so long overdue. We will have buried Marx, and Marxism, in that common grave in which he belongs, together with such recent historical figures as Jim Jones, or such ancient historical impostors as Lucifer. □

GET OUT

New York, Jan. 30—Writing in July 1978, an encephalophonic pundit who has views on every subject in the world save possibly his own limitations wrote:

> James Burnham [the great political strategist] has suggested a boycott of the Moscow Olympic Games in 1980. There is no question but that a U.S. boycott would have the effect of collapsing these Games, and no doubt that Moscow is poised to transmute an athletic celebration into an orgy of self-apotheosis, with its athletes, trained like Strasbourg geese, and a press intimidated into sycophancy—led, with wonderful irony, by the National Broadcasting Company, a capitalist-roader.

However—he concluded—"Mr. Burnham's suggestion miscarries. It does so because it conscripts, as the hitmen of our foreign policy, the nation's athletes, young men and young women who have trained four, eight, ten years for the event. To deprive them of the single opportunity to achieve the ultimate experience of a biological lifetime is to ask too much. A nation, in distress, can take its young men and send them out to die. But it oughtn't to take its young athletes and consign them, in behalf of our foreign policy, to the benches."

The passage of time and the quickening of events anachronize that hasty judgment. Opportunism is not all bad, though the word carries invidious freight. For curious reasons, if you pull the word apart —"to take an opportunity"—it comes out pretty clean.

What is going on at the moment is a trial balloon, floated by the Secretary of State in obvious collusion with the President. He has said that unless the Soviet troops are pulled out of Afghanistan by the middle of February, he is in "opposition"—note carefully the word—to United States participation in the Olympic Games in Moscow.

The heads of the Olympic Committee, both of the international branch and of the American branch, began Instant Deploring. We heard the old refrain, that politics and sports must not mix. As a general proposition, this is probably so. As a particular proposition, it is not obeyed even by the Olympic Committee

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itself, which barred South Africa from participation in the Games without any memorable international demonstration of protest.

It is true that the distinctive horror of the century is Orwellianism, the creeping effect of politics into every activity. But that point has its obverse: which is that every effort should be made to avoid the tyrannization of life. And every effort means everything we can deploy, with war only as the last resort, to weaken the agents of totalitarianism. In the past few weeks the Soviet Union has shattered the bases of postwar diplomacy. The axiom of Western foreign policy has been (mistakenly, to be sure) that the expansionary phase of Soviet military activity was over when Eastern Europe was subdued and resubdued. The tanks in Kabul destroyed that illusion: and, with the contiguous crisis in Iran, have tested American nerve as nothing else has in recent times. In other days, the general situation would almost certainly have brought on a general mobilization—certainly in Western Europe, and probably in the United States. If that happened, the young athletes would face a summer not of athletic activity, but of boot camp.

If we feel free to ask the farmers to make contingent sacrifices, and also the manufacturers and technicians and workers who produce refined computers designed to go to Russia, then we can ask United States athletes to forgo the competition in Moscow. With sufficient ingenuity, and with the mounting enthusiasm we might succeed in generating from our allies, we could stage a competing athletic event—call it what you will, the stopwatches are the same in Montreal or Houston as in Moscow—and give out our own gold medals, which would go now not only to athletes, but to patriots, involved in mankind.

My own contribution to the communal sacrifice is to eat crow, inasmuch as the words quoted above were my own. □

THE FOLKS AT WESTERN

New York, Jan. 20—How does it go with the airlines these days? Well, that depends to a considerable extent on how far you can manage to stay away from Western Airlines, or in any case, from whoever it is that manages their operation out of Salt Lake City.

Are you ready? The 737 was chock full. A chock-full airplane, in these days of straitened configurations owing to high-cost fuel and deregulation, is defined as an aircraft into which you could not insinuate a healthy sardine. We are headed for Los Angeles and, at 5:35 P.M., are already 35 minutes late. The strangest announcement I have heard in a lifetime's flying thereupon ensued, from a palpably agitated lady. She cleared her throat. "Ladies and gentlemen, this aircraft is overloaded. Now, we need 33 volunteers to leave the flight. We will give you a nice dinner. And we hope to get you on the next flight, leaving at 7:10—but we can't guarantee it. And by the way, all the luggage that has been put on board has been removed, in order to lighten the cargo. It will be placed on a future flight for Los Angeles. Thank you very much."

The reaction of the passengers was, not unexpectedly, mesmerized. The inducements to leave the flight can only be compared to a typical ultimatum by President Carter to Iran to release the hostages. Four people got up and left, but could only be assumed to have been motivated by claustrophobia.

Western Airlines escalated. "Now ladies and gentlemen, we need 29 more volunteers. This aircraft will just sit here until the 29 volunteers leave!"

One or two passengers rose to confer with the lady and her male assistant, and in a few minutes her confusion and resentment were audible.

Western Airlines escalated again: "As a result of weather," said the lady, "we will not be landing in Los Angeles anyway. We'll land in Ontario." "Where is Ontario?" *the gentleman on my left asked.* I said I had a brother-in-law who lives in Ontario, one hundred miles north of Niagara Falls. We agreed that even Western Airlines would not punish its conscripts by taking them to Canada en route to L.A.

One passenger left his seat and addressed the lady. "Look: you simply haven't offered enough inducements to get 33 volunteers. Why don't you offer them a free flight to Los Angeles if they volunteer?" She replied she did not have the authority to engage in mass bribery. To the suggestion that she address the request to her supervisor, she reacted with dumb amazement. Perhaps Western Airlines cannot afford supervisors. A half-hour had gone by.

At which point a young woman—obviously the kind born to organize—went forward, and there was a summit conference. Within ten minutes she had ushered out what turned out to be her ski group, thirty or so passengers, but the rest of us were not made privy to the inducement, the ski guide having whispered to her group that it was secret. There was some rumor to the effect that a special bus would take them from Ontario to Los Angeles, which is the kind of inducement young skiers, bless them, will settle for.

Five minutes later we were airborne, and only then did we discover the reason for the muddle. What happened, the captain told the remaining passengers in jovial accents, is that the folks who fueled the airplane, by mistake put in too much gas. You can't land a plane that's too heavy. "That's why we had to lighten it."

But the good news was that our luggage was back in the hold, so we could expect it on landing in—ho ho, Los Angeles. The Ontario bit, it turned out, was what B. F. Skinner would call a "negative reinforcement."

On arriving in Los Angeles one passenger, waiting along with several dozen others, saw the baggage-spigot begin to dribble, and then stop. A dozen people were left without their baggage. Curiously, the last thirty or forty articles that had come down the baggage pipeline were skis. So that the folks at Western, to reduce the weight, or save space, had removed bags with things like toothbrushes, underwear, shirts, and medicine kits: in order to give priority to the skis. Now this might be understandable if one were flying from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City to ski, but since there hasn't been any snow in Los Angeles since the retreat of the last Ice Age, about a million years ago, the logic behind that feat of ratiocination by the folks of Western Airlines was unclear to the dismayed passengers.

So, the officials at Western had merely lied about the cause of the problem, lied *about the luggage, lied about the weather* in Los Angeles. Ah, but we can blame it all on the sheiks! How so? I figure that the folks at Western have concluded that gas is more valuable than people. Because, of course, the excess gas could have been dribbled out across the Rockies, a routine operation for overloaded aircraft. As a matter of fact, it could have been pumped out on the tarmac. On the other hand, the passengers were grateful that the lady didn't demand in mid-flight that 33 passengers jump out over the Rockies, which would have been an economically feasible solution. But the supervisor hadn't authorized the suggestion, and at Western we go by the rules. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. A type of academy — 25 128 39 139 204 89 225 19

B. A bureaucratic system which is neither ____ nor ____ — 56 7 143 155 175 2 28 78 160 193 / 217 66

C. Ordinary instruments of punishment? — 68 13 32 93 99 113 154 185 196 76 / 123 44

D. The physician in charge of the obstetrics ward? — 90 31 106 169 81 229 53 70 103 215

E. A native of a certain South American country — 94 134 141 157 171 189 203 212 231 16 / 58

F. Insured; sounds like literature not up to par — 110 200 29 84 104 172 181 222 195 234 / 5 15

G. What the turkey did up to Thanksgiving — 140 142 165 120 17 9 65

H. Bad luck — 170 226 77 73 86 133

I. Made fun of — 4 35 47 63 72 24

J. Where a pleasure vessel is moored — 164 33 87 102 150 117 197 50 112 122

K. To mate related individuals — 166 100 132 145 105 178 176

L. What many a Senate speech is — 179 159 146 173 18 186 210 228 216

M. LEMUR POET — 224 148 55 152 218 48 213 22 198

N. To ornament — 43 221 138 153 23 61 124 111 190

O. Tormented with jokes — 30 46 108 119 64 8

P. Diligence — 98 149 156 174 116 230 162 40

Q. One of the parts of speech — 121 158 168 114 36 97 88 232 161

R. An establishment in the forests — 130 21 167 182 206 209 187 223 57 147 / 3

S. Would this place sell chessmen? — 151 37 20 10 92 51 199 79

T. Where a famous outlaw kept his horses? — 192 42 109 118 125 205 214 220 184 6 / 163 74 69 95

U. George Eliot's true surname — 208 27 96 60 85

V. ACTS II TAINTS — 75 11 1 34 49 67 83 91 207 211 / 135 219

W. The first capital of the Hawkeye State — 107 201 52 82 12 233 45 62

X. What most currency is — 137 180 177 54 115 188 227

Y. A tree of Southern India and Ceylon — 144 127 26 14 235

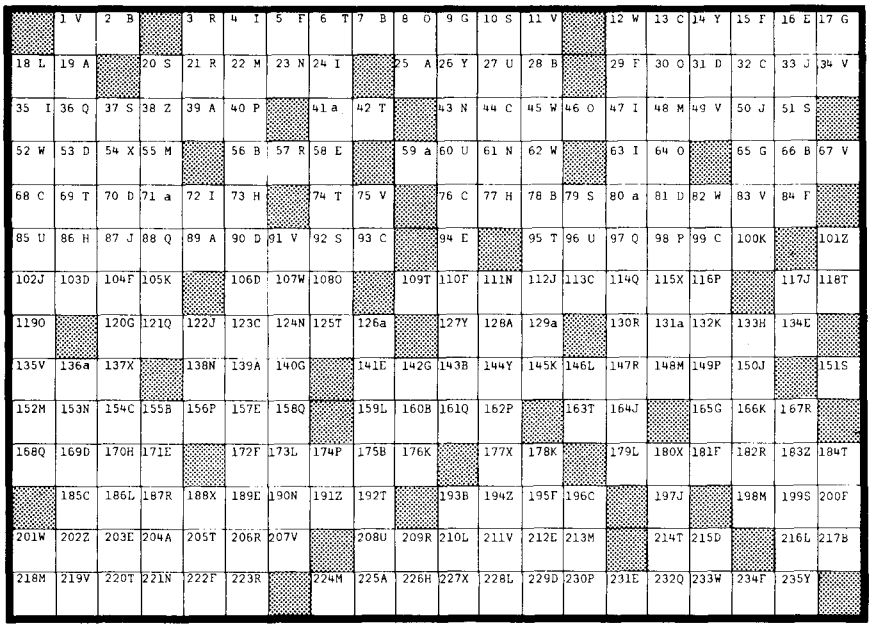
Z. Orpheus C. Kerr's true surname — 194 183 101 191 38 202

a. What prices do during a bear market — 41 59 71 80 126 129 131 136

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution.

See page 242 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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You may not think that a machine can be called an artist.

But we do. And we have proof.

The proof is called the Millitron.™ It injects dye into carpeting. And for the last 5 years, it's been producing a running line of up to 519 patterned carpets.

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MILLIKEN
CARPETS
LaGrange, Georgia

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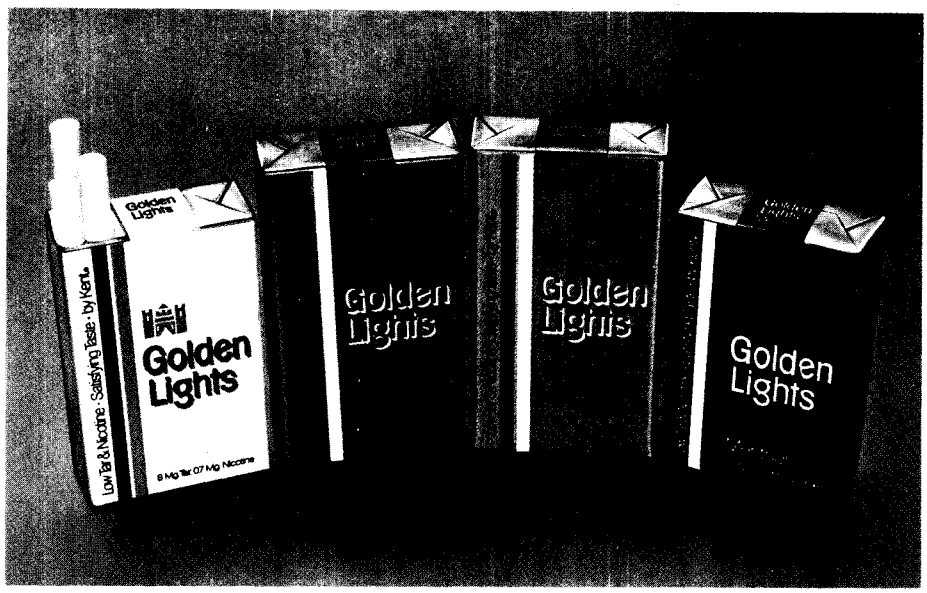

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Salem Lights	Winston Lights	Vantage	Marlboro Lights	Kool Milds	Camel Lights	Vantage Menthol	Golden Lights
10 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	13 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	12 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	14 MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	10 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	11 MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	8 MG. TAR 0.7 MG. NIC.

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Source comparative 'tar' and nicotine figures: Either FTC Report May 1978, or FTC Method.
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